

# THE FORUM AND • CENTURY

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## GNOTHI SEAUTON

### *Editorial Foreword*

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AN EDITOR judges what is chiefly occupying the minds of his readers by the subject matter of the letters and the manuscripts that rain in upon him through the mails. A few months ago the majority of the articles dealt with world economics. Not observing any satisfactory leadership in high places and calculating that the diametrically opposite conclusions of the great economists added up to zero, thousands of our more intelligent citizens set out to be each his own independent economic Einstein and to produce his private formula for arresting the relentlessly descending spiral of the depression.

Now, in this first autumn under the Blue Eagle, all this is changed. A few of the perennially critical are sending me articles to prove why NRA, like all other social programs, is doomed. By and large, however, our private economists have folded up. They have signed over their headaches to the Administration in Washington. They realize that President Roosevelt has marshaled the most varied, the most complicated body of economic thought ever assembled in the world's history. They may be impatient at his failure to dogmatize, to define his partisanship for one school of finance or another, but they are willing to allow him his pragmatism, his inspired opportunism, realizing that those experiments only will be

tried out which give quick promise of putting an idle nation back to work.

The preponderance of articles and letters now coming to the editor's desk deal not with the world economic riddle, but with personal conduct, with selfish religion and sustaining hope, with the preservation of our public schools, with the aims of college, with more music and the reform of the radio, with the mother-in-law in the home, and how to support a family even without the aid of NRA. From this correspondence there emerges a resurgent individualism. It is not the rugged individualism of business. For the time being we are engaged in submerging that kind of individualism into neighborliness and co-operating in the national attempt to redistribute purchasing power. But as we widen the area of social co-operation, we realize that we must, at the same time, hold fast to and reassert our personalities in all that concerns our leisure and the aesthetic and ethical conduct of our lives.

We must balance economic surrender with personal aloofness. Our prophets tell us that an age of greater leisure is ahead of us. Are we to fill in that leisure with a hectic pursuit of the Joneses, chasing Fords in Chevrolets and, if we catch them, stumbling over each other's boots? Do we propose to engage in the "pursuit of happiness" or are we going to set up in our own

minds such a state of self-reliance that happiness, instead of being pursued, will pursue us?

## II

WHAT IS the best use of our leisure? Every healthy human being can master some gadget or hobby. He can cultivate an interest in art and natural history and visit our neglected museums and art galleries. He can revive the almost forgotten art of walking in the country and observing nature and the acts of creation. Above all, he can learn to think. He can steal a lesson from the smiling Orientals who believe that the mind is its own kingdom and can make a heaven of hell and a hell of heaven. Thinking is of course the most difficult of all the arts. But most of us can develop it a little. The blind-deaf-dumb can derive some pleasure by evolving mental images from the sense of smell.

"Nothing is at last sacred," wrote Emerson, "but the integrity of your own mind." There is something that Americans are more in need of than economic recovery or even neighborliness, and that is personal, mental integrity. The mass debauching of the American mind must be checked. The tabloids and the movies are aggressively evil in inculcating in youth the heroism of lawbreaking, but passively our press, our orators, our educational systems contribute too often to the personal paralysis of the mind.

If a reasonable being should visit us from Mars, our misery and discontent in the midst of abundance and beauty would seem incredible. Still more incredible would seem our petty mental imitations and slavery in a land of imposing institutions dedicated to the freedom of the mind, and laboratories enriched by the brilliant discoveries of pioneering scientists. In spite of these opportunities, a friend of mine, a man of independent mind, whose mechanical inventions have amassed him a fortune, has this month departed for the Orient to enter a Buddhist monastery. In the repose of this old oriental faith, he hopes to attain a larger degree of peace and freedom and buoyancy of mind than is permitted him here in the land of the Joneses.

Some scientists believe that the human brain is governed by electricity and is com-

posed of a complex system for the generation and distribution of power. We make ourselves magnets for good or bad fortune according to the sum total of our thinking. We can attract misfortune by gloomy, despondent thoughts, just as we can attract health and happiness by calm, constructive thinking. If in the last hundred years America had given the same concentrated attention to the study of the human mind and its potentialities as we have given to the study of machinery and medicine and physics, we would have been by this time that much nearer Utopia.

## III

THE ART of thinking is a study not for mass action but for each individual. "Society," said Emerson, "everywhere is in conspiracy against the manhood of every one of its members." Let each one of us defend and assert the manhood of his own mind. If society is as inherently immoral as Reinhold Niebuhr maintains, each group representing the sum total of the ambition and selfishness of the human beings who compose it, then each of us must always be on his guard to retain the serenity of his own mind against the exaggerated claims of organizations, even those as altruistic as his church or the enrollment under the Blue Eagle. This autumn, while we are all engaged in permeating American society with less selfishness and more neighborliness, let each one at the same time gird up his own loins and reassert his personal integrity.

For our educational system I advocate the study of the human mind. Let there be less scrutiny of dreams and complexes, of libidos and morbid imaginings, and give us more examinations of the healthy thinking of broad daylight. Why not bring to the laboratories not only the mentally deranged, but also the sound and the fit. Give the superconscious its innings, as well as the subconscious. Teach the young the art of constructive thinking and the pleasure that comes from self-control rather than self-abandonment. The safety of the State requires that each citizen play the game according to the rules, but it also demands that each of us become his own master.

*Henry Goddard Leach*

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# PROHIBITION AND "THE FOUR MILLION"

BY LILLIAN D. WALD

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WHEN I try to present the problem of prohibition as we have learned to know it and to study the effect of the amendment upon our community, to analyze, as far as possible, the pronouncements of those who favored and those who opposed it, I realize that these have made their decisions from their contacts, from their points of actual observation. For forty years my lot has been cast with the New Yorkers, not of "The Four Hundred," but of "The Four Million," and it is of this latter group that I venture to speak. Those in the army of the repealists who were called to the colors see things from their own environment. Those of us who come out frankly in our testimony favoring the prohibition amendment view the matter also from our actual points of observation. There can be no doubt that different elements of society are affected differently by laws whose enactment touches the life of all. The surface differences are obvious; the evidence is not so clear that the fundamental result of social experiment and social change on Park Avenue differs greatly from that on Henry Street.

The conflict over the prohibition experiment has been, for the most part, between people who, like myself, saw a better life among the families of the wage earners while the amendment was in force and, on the other side, those who hated "hypocrisy" in their set and what they called the "invasion" of their personal liberty and who saw in the source of all crime a consequence of the bootlegger, even though he was often indirectly in their employ. It was frequently asserted that there would be little opposition to a law permitting the sale of light wines and beer, but sanction and enforcement at once do not seem practical, and it was in the minds of those who seriously studied the bootlegger that he prospered, not on light wines and beer, but on the stronger drinks. Also, it is

generally agreed that the notorious hip flask did not contain light wine or beer. To one who has had many years of friendship with wage-earners, it is not surprising that the technical point of view should give way to a consideration of the bearing of law and custom on the families which do not have the protection of steady incomes adequate to their needs.

And in any discussion of our experience with a federal prohibition law, it would seem to be as important as it is difficult to keep in perspective, not only the changes, favorable or unfavorable, brought about in individual, family, and community life, but also the background of American effort toward temperance and a controlled liquor traffic; the differences in racial tradition and custom among our people; and the attitude and practice of other countries.

The trend of discussion would often lead one to believe that the Eighteenth Amendment sprang suddenly into being, like a startling djinn called forth by the rubbing of a legislative lamp. As a matter of fact, several of the states came into the Union originally as "dry" territory, and others early in their history forbade, within their borders, the manufacture or sale of alcoholic beverages. Previous to prohibition, many communities regulated or controlled the sale of liquor, and we need to be reminded that, at the time the Eighteenth Amendment went into effect, on January 16, 1920, two-thirds of the states had already adopted prohibition by popular vote; about ninety per cent of the land area was at least theoretically dry; and nearly seventy per cent of the American people lived under a nominally dry regimen.

Often, however, local laws were weakened by the liquor traffic in neighboring states and the ease with which liquor crossed the borders. Despite the stories that are told of violations

in Maine, and elsewhere, under state prohibition, business men and other leading citizens declared that industry profited by the absence of the saloon.

In the Scandinavian countries I remained, one summer, long enough to become acquainted with the Gothenburg System, under which limited quantities of liquor may be purchased for home consumption. But home drinking in these countries is associated more with harmless gayety — betrothals, weddings, birthday anniversaries, and the like — and I found it a painful contrast to the American saloon, its relationship to politics, and its disastrous destruction of family life. And, even under the much-quoted Gothenburg System, alcohol was feared. It was interesting to find that in Bergen, Norway, the façade of a building where liquor could be purchased — by no means a saloon in our sense — was covered by a painting of a little girl entreating her father not to spend his wage but to bring it home. On the continent, doubtless, the French prohibition of absinthe more nearly parallels America's attempt to withhold strong drink.

And if prohibition was no new thing to the vast majority of us in 1920, similarly the American people were not unfamiliar with the influence of liquor interests on public life, though one hears the bootlegger and the racketeer spoken of as though they were the first, in the name of King Rum, to lay unclean hands on governmental agencies. The whole success of the bootlegger's trade depends on corruption, but this was as true before prohibition as it was later. On Henry Street, though not a neighborhood of heavy drinking, we have been all too close to the practical aspects of this traffic. The saloon opposite us caused us trouble for years. After the prohibition amendment went into effect, it left our neighborhood, and we were accused of being the cause of its downfall. Paul's notorious place on Henry Street was driven from the neighborhood after many battles and largely through the efforts of the Jacob Riis House, the settlement close by. But there was a house, very near a school in Charlton Street, where trucks often stopped, and cases of liquor were unloaded. Neighbors on both sides of this house saw customers going in and often saw police officers partaking of refreshment. I had correspondence about this

place, and more than once did higher city officials come to me to tell me what they were doing to stop the nuisance; but it never stopped. It was not an uncommon sight to see an officer on the sidewalk insuring safe delivery of the "goods."

## II

THROUGHOUT this country's political history, there have been many instances of the part played by liquor interests, a part far more important than the local political control with which every large city is familiar. Tammany in New York, "the machine," Democratic or Republican, in other cities, had their contacts with the "legitimate" liquor interests prior to prohibition, as well as with the illicit liquor trade of recent years. Many people still living recall the nation's humiliation over the disclosure of the "Whisky Ring" in the Grant administration. In all the pre-prohibition periods of our national history, intelligent leaders have cried out against the corruption of public life by the liquor traffic, which, they always held, threatened the success of the American experiment with democracy.

Paralleling this, there has been repeated resistance to attempted "interference" with the free use of liquor or individual right to trade in it. As far back as 1791, Americans protested against a federal liquor tax, and, in 1794, the Whisky Rebellion, resulting in wounds and death, was caused by an attempt to collect taxes on liquor, distilled from grain by farmers who found it easier to transport a few bottles of whisky than sacks of grain over the almost impassable roads of the period. Denunciations of this "interference with individual right" have a familiar sound to those who listen to arguments for the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment, nearly a century and a half later. The same "rugged individualism" of the frontier has always hampered and often defeated honest and efficient federal revenue officers in remote mountain regions, where neighbors help protect the moonshiners.

In trying to keep in perspective our attempt to bring about total abstinence by law, it is well to bear in mind the sources of that effort. Charles and Mary Beard, in their *Rise of American Civilization*, also remind us: "It was safe to venture a guess that the desire of busi-

ness men for efficiency and safety in labor was as potent in bringing about the new régime as the wanton lust of moralists determined to impose their own standards upon the nation."

On this point, the testimony of industrial employers and social workers are in agreement. We may differ as to whether national prohibition does or does not unduly infringe the personal liberties of the people. Not all are in agreement in viewing the definition of an alcoholic content under the Volstead Act as either satisfactory or scientific. But those who best know the wage-earner and his problems are united in their inability to forget (and it should never be forgotten) the place the saloon occupied in the lives of the great majority of the men and their families.

It was on Saturday nights that the real power of the saloons was most obvious. Trucks lined up at the curbs while their drivers went inside with their pay envelopes. That Saturday-night scene has disappeared from one end of the country to the other, and with it have gone the Sunday brawls and the tragic Monday mornings, when, in factory and workshop, women appealed for advances on their husbands' wages, because Mike or Jim or Tony had left his pay in the saloon.

Perhaps few to-day remember the Sabbath Lighters, the old drunken women who hung around Jewish neighborhoods, waiting to be called into orthodox homes on the holy day, when it is a sin for the faithful to handle fire. The meager job secured for these old derelicts the means for a weekly debauch, and, their pittance earned, they would go reeling along the streets, pitiable, repellent spectacles, mocked and stoned by jeering boys. They have disappeared. The young generation that grew up after the amendment went into effect never saw them and knows no more of them than it knows of Suicide Hall or places like McGuirk's. These were the numberless "joints," that flourished brazenly along the Bowery and other streets throughout the city. Though every artifice was employed by schools, social workers, and conscientious parents to keep the young away from them, the proprietors could well afford to smile at the feeble gestures of the would-be protectors of the young.

I have gone to the owners of these and of similar dance halls to protest against the open

bar, occasionally offering a goodly sum to have it closed while the dance was on. The dances, mind you, were for the very young, and the halls were rented for a small sum because dancing was only incidental to the profitable sale of liquor. Every device to draw the crowds by bright lights and gay sounds and jolly company was cunningly employed to promote the desire to drink. Indeed, it was often a remarkable example of intuitive use of the psychology of suggestion — the exposed bar; the grand march stopping to exchange banter with the bartender; the habit of treating; the conspicuous aproned waiters; the brief dances; the long waits; the overheated, unventilated rooms, which increased thirst. Presents of bottles of wine to the "ladies," a keg or two of beer to the "gentlemen" were often made to start the hilarity. The brewers were, in many instances, the real owners of the halls, as they were of the saloons, paying the license or holding the mortgage like the sword of Damocles over the head of a nominal proprietor.

Clinton Hall, built as a center for social and trade-union purposes in our neighborhood, held a license as insurance against the accusation of being "for reform." But those who attended a Clinton Hall meeting or dance were obliged to leave the pleasant crowd and go down two flights of stairs to buy a drink. The sale of liquor in this hall was infinitesimal.

A saloon notorious in an uptown neighborhood closed after the amendment was ratified, and was rented by us for one of our nursing centers. We liked the humor of keeping on the door for the maternity cases, "Family Entrance."

### III

LET ME tell here about the Currys, not because their story is unique, but because it is typical. Mrs. Curry was a gay young Irish girl. Her husband was gay, too, and they had jolly times together. Then he took to the bottle, and their home became the home of a drunkard. He was a generous and well-meaning man toward his family, but treats and invitations from "the boys" were irresistible. After the saloons were closed and the treats no longer offered, this really kindly fellow found satisfaction in his home and children. His wages

were sufficient for the family needs, when he no longer spent so much at the saloon, and, before long, he bought a radio. Curry doesn't understand music, but he enjoys it, and occasionally he and his wife go to the Stadium concerts. The whole family life is changed, the day-by-day experience and the outlook for the children. Such a family history could be repeated, in substance, again and again from the annals of our neighbors and the experience of our nurses in every section of the city.

On the other hand, we realize that the hip flask and the speakeasy became familiar to a large number. The same spirit of bravado that made heroes of lawbreakers, from Jesse James and other Wild West robbers to Gerald Chapman and "Two-Gun" Crowley, played its part in the defiance of the prohibition law by young people and perhaps by their elders as well. Our national weakness for fads influenced our attitude toward the prohibition amendment.

But whatever may have been the effect of the hip flask on the youth of the fraternity and sorority houses, the prep schools, and the country clubs, drinking during prohibition was far less general among the children of "The Four Million" than many advocates of repeal believe and assert.

In 1930, when I was collecting first-hand data on the situation, Karl Hesley, long in charge of our social activities at the settlement, told me that in a typical year while the amendment was in force, only one flask was discovered at a Henry Street dance.

Helen Hall, then Head Resident of the University Settlement in Philadelphia, thus compared the prohibition era with pre-prohibition days:

"At our dance hall at University House, where between two and three hundred young people dance every Monday night, formerly there was seldom a night when some of the dancers did not have to be carried out and their friends called to take them home. This has not happened for over two years."

In Chicago, during recent years, social workers and specially-appointed policemen have kept close watch on dance-hall conditions. The carrying of a hip flask was interpreted as coming under the law, and every boy or man who paid an entrance fee was searched by the officer. If a flask was found, the contents were

poured down the sewer in the presence of the owner. Miss Addams stated that, in an examination of 4,500 men, only three flasks were found.

A working woman I know is in favor of repeal because she holds that "prohibition has just made things worse." Said I:

"When you go to work in the mornings, do you see the sights of pre-prohibition days?"

"You mean the men and women that were thrown out of saloons sleeping it off in the gutter? No, I don't see that any more. And the vomiting all over the sidewalks in the early morning — I don't see that."

"And how about the young people in your family, your nieces and nephews?" I persisted.

"Oh, them — they take a drink now and then. But when I talk about the saloons and all that, they don't know what I'm talking about. But just the same, you got a right to a drink if you want it."

#### IV

WE WERE encouraged, but not satisfied, with evidence that was brought to the attention of social workers of better conditions among wage-earners under the prohibition régime. To investigate and assemble reliable information on such changes in family life as might credit or discredit the Eighteenth Amendment, the national organization of settlements in 1926 appointed a committee, of which I was chairman. As an assurance that we did not seek propaganda for either side, the study was financed by contributions from those opposed to the experiment and those who had faith in it, and committee and staff included wets, dries, and doubters. Martha Bensley Bruere directed the study, and, after our questionnaire had been sent to some three hundred settlements, she made visits of inquiry to representative cities in every section of the country. The findings are therefore more significant than those of the usual questionnaire survey. The testimony there brought together is of continuing interest and importance, and the chapter headed, "What We Found Out," is well worth reading, even while state majorities for repeal continue to pile up. The summary concludes:

Wherever there is a Nordic-American population which for several generations has not been in close

contact with the newer immigrations or the cosmopolitanism of the great cities, there prohibition works. . . . Wherever there are large unassimilated foreign populations, accustomed to the making and use of alcoholic drinks and also an eager market for their product, as in the great ports and the industrial cities, there the law is halting and veering and difficult to apply.

But the reports do show that all the things hoped for by the advocates of prohibition are being realized in some places, and that even where the law is least observed some of them have come true.

It is a matter of regret that the statisticians and the scientists have not been able to agree on the facts as to increase or decrease in consumption and even as to the effect of alcohol on health and longevity. Dr. Irving Fisher and Dr. Haven Emerson, in their interpretation of the workings of the Amendment, apparently speak a different language than do some other distinguished economists and physicians. Figures are hurled forward by both sides to the controversy, the same statistics occasionally being mustered by both camps. Dr. Emerson, unflinching in his courage and of pre-eminent scientific stature, contributes a stimulating discussion of this point, in an article headed, "Can Wets and Drys Bear the Whole Truth?"

Our own records show that in 1931, among 60,000 patients, our nurses did not have a single diagnosis of alcoholism. Dr. Maximilian Schulman, for many years in charge of the home service of the Vanderbilt Clinic in New York City, says that cases of acute and chronic alcoholism practically disappeared from the medical service of the Vanderbilt Clinic, whereas, in pre-prohibition days, they were very common; and he adds, "Whatever prohibition may have done for the idle rich, it certainly has done well for the laboring poor."

In the great volume of relief during the present depression, the question of unemployment because of drunkenness has not been raised. In 1928-29, the last for which comparative figures are available, the records of the foremost private welfare agency in New York City show that only one out of eleven families registered drink as a factor in their dependence; before prohibition, when the saloon was in flower, the figure was one out of four. It is only very rarely of late years that, among families we know, drunkenness has appeared as a problem.

The question of additional public income has played a large part in the recent impetus the repeal movement has received, nationally and in the states. This argument, I may say, was not appreciated by our neighbors. For when the Beer Parade, led by Mayor Jimmy Walker, marched up Fifth Avenue last fall, some of the women said, "Who's going to buy the beer? We think the mayor should lead a bread parade."

Other social workers joined me in signing, shortly after the 1932 national election, a letter to *The New York Times*, defining our position in regard to modification or repeal of the prohibition amendment:

As social workers we are naturally vitally concerned with the question of the modification or repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment, for just as in the old days our experience afforded us tragic first-hand evidence of the evils of the saloon and the liquor traffic, so to-day we cannot be insensible to some of the unfortunate by-products of this well-intentioned effort to control a national menace.

Though few settlement workers participated in the orthodox temperance movement and though we felt that the definition of the Volstead Act was unscientific and potentially dangerous because of its extreme mandate, yet we came to approve the Eighteenth Amendment, because, through it, conditions among the people we know best in underprivileged neighborhoods have greatly improved. . . .

We believe that the new mandate from the people, as interpreted by the recent election, demands the wisest statesmanship, the profoundest social study before we risk a resumption of the practically uncontrolled sale of drink. Nobody advocates the return of the saloon, but unless every preparation is made for the safeguarding of the sale of liquor, there is no hope but that the saloon, whether called so or not, will be upon us. . . .

We who are deeply integrated in neighborhoods where many face a tragic renewal of conditions destructive of home life and of respect and dignity — we have no panacea to offer. But because we believe that the greatest safeguards are inherent in the stern protection of the manufacture, sale, and distribution of liquor, we offer our experience to the possibility of accomplishing this. As social workers we are realists, and we wish to state our case and add such knowledge as we may have to the study of this important question.

## V

As I WRITE, the press is "viewing with alarm" the possibility of a "whisky famine" if, as is jubilantly expected, we have "repeal before Christmas." Whisky stocks, the *New York World-Telegram* points out, "held to a minimum required for the medicinal trade, are down to approximately ten million gallons,

while our annual pre-prohibition consumption was fifty million gallons." With a lack of any sense of proportion characteristically American, the return of beer was the big news in the headlines and in conversation for days. A gala celebration completely overshadowing this undignified exhibition is already prophesied for the end of the prohibition era.

It is cause for deep regret that sincere temperance people, who made such great progress before the prohibition era, accepted a national prohibition law as a cure-all. With the enactment of the amendment, those who were advocates of total abstinence stopped their educational efforts and, in fact, rested their arms on the legislation. This is the sadder to record because the trend in America, as in other countries, was toward temperance. There is now opportunity to start afresh, to substitute better methods for the extreme measures that failed, and to win the support of all sincere social thinkers, irrespective of the wing to which they formerly adhered. It is of vital importance that there should be effective education on the whole subject—not an emotional appeal, but a clear, scientific, and interesting presentation, neither whitewashing any theory nor omitting any pertinent fact. Americans generally should realize, as they were beginning to do before the hue and cry over enforcement confused the issues, that the use of alcoholic beverages and the manufacture and sale of liquors are matters of grave import; men and women who have a deep concern with social progress should be ready to express themselves intelligently and without bias. We need, not only study by experts, but presentations as vivid and clear as the Russian *Primer*—an outstanding lesson in making a serious and complex subject attractive and convincing to children, to adults of limited educational opportunity, to informed citizens.

In Russian awareness of the harm liquor can do in time of public emergency, there is another lesson for us. I had heard that in "the ten days that shook the world," machine guns were turned on the wine cellars of the Czar, and the stocks destroyed. Anna Louise Strong asked Trotsky whether this were true. He said that it was; that he had ordered it though he regretted the necessity, since there was great need for good wine in the hospitals. But he had

thought this measure necessary because he felt that if the men had access to liquor it would be impossible to "carry the revolution."

It is unfortunate that the Eighteenth Amendment aroused so much conflict, and that its enforcement was confused with the problem of a post-war period, of an unprecedented boom and depression. These twelve years did not *prove* anything. If, however, the interest that has been aroused can be conserved for the least intoxicating drinks, the development of athletic, recreational, pleasurable opportunities, and if there is no relaxation in the determination to keep out the saloon, something will have been gained. One ventures to hope that we have acquired by this painful experience real insight and a program that is proof against the faults of the extremists on either side. It is hard to underscore sufficiently the need for a procedure that will guard against the flagrant wrongs proponents of repeal are inclined to minimize. Sincere motivation should erect dependable barriers against the long and repeated corruptions that have always accompanied the sale of drink, against the attacks of unyielding individualists, and thereby make it possible to forget the charges and countercharges and to unite in a program that will effectively control the manufacture, sale, and distribution of what a woman, out of bitter experience, called "those contentious fluids." Government control seems to be the only measure that can eliminate them. We have gone through years of trial and tribulation. There is hope that, with economic and political changes that may be called revolutionary, there will be agreement on how to accomplish this.

Without repeating the arguments, without growing wistful over what might have been done, we must face the challenge of repeal, united in a sound policy that will forbid the repetition of disasters which are actual.

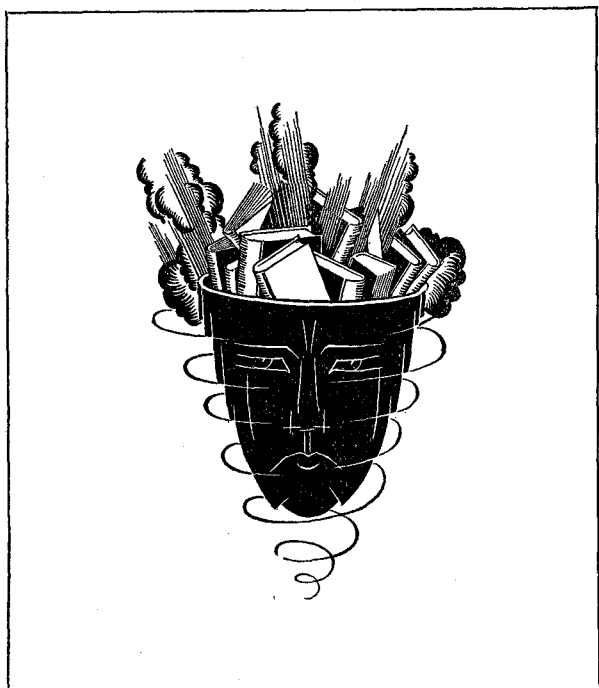
If repeal does not bring back the saloon, if the new dispensation guards against the pitfalls that another generation knew—the tragedy of the drunkard's home, the sacrifice of family life, the handicapped children, the debased standards of morals and health—those of us who have cared so profoundly will share in the rejoicing of those who have "won" in this contest.

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# HOW TRIVIAL ARE MODERN BOOKS?

BY MARY COLUM

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**M**ANY PEOPLE who read a great deal and have a fine appreciation of literature are puzzled by the experiments through which literature in our time is trying to renew itself. They are faced by the fact that there has been a change in literary manners and methods, but what has brought about this change is obscure to them. The truth is that the cause is as far back as fifty or sixty years ago. Writers go on writing in the same way for a long time; then, suddenly, a book comes out which differs from all that has preceded it in the same genre — a novel which differs from all preceding novels, a volume of poetry which differs from all that has gone before. These differences, in most cases, represent either a new form, or a new style, or a new sort of use of the words in the dictionary, or a new material, and they never represent such a break with tradition as conservative readers imagine.

Literary innovations, literary discoveries, are the invention of writers thoroughly trained in the past of literature. There is sometimes an illusion that freshness and novelty are brought into writing by people innocent of literary tradition and, therefore, supposedly unhampered by convention. This seldom happens — only that I do not wish to be too sweeping I would say that it never happens. For writers who have not an academic culture train themselves in literature, and sometimes more thoroughly than any number of universities could do it for them.

## THE INNOVATORS

**T**HE FIRST innovators of a method or the first workers in a new material do not always produce something of lasting value; novelty must not be confused with greatness, though sometimes it is a sign of greatness. The first person who used that very modern method, the interior monologue, was a French writer, Edouard Dujardin, a friend of George Moore's, in a book called *Les Lauriers sont coupés*, published in 1886. The literary Dublin of the first decades of this century being as interested in French literature as in English, Dujardin's book reached the young James Joyce, who has acknowledged his indebtedness to it. Joyce added to the interior monologue a subtlety which was his by nature and a knowledge which the discoveries of modern psychology were bringing to the aid of literature.

In the same way, doubtless, that other landmark of the modern novel, Flaubert's *Madame Bovary*, was preceded by the work of some experimenter who has sunk out of sight in the success of the man who has made the method his own. For in literature, as in everything else, the tools belong to him who can best use them. However, the critic who would try to explain modern literature from its purely literary

manifestations would be like a man who would measure an iceberg only from the bit that appeared above water. Below practically every development in contemporary literature there has been a philosophic idea; the discoveries of philosophers or psychologists have been consciously or unconsciously taken over by the poet and novelist and used by him to throw some fresh light on those eternal mysteries, the mind and emotions of man.

#### THE MODERN REALISTIC NOVEL

THE MODERN realistic novel, which began with Flaubert's *Madame Bovary* and which seems to be in its death agonies with Sinclair Lewis' *Ann Vickers*, was built on what was called "the human document," to differentiate it from the literature of the adventures of the imagination. The idea behind it was first formulated by Taine, one of the two or three great critics that there ever has been, whose adventurous mind influenced several generations of writers. He gave the formula on which all the later realists molded their novels — the study of "little facts well chosen, important, significant, amply circumstantiated, and minutely noted." This was to what Flaubert applied himself in order to achieve as nearly as possible an exact representation of reality — the study of the little, daily, banal facts of life; this is to what the English writers, Wells, Bennett, Maugham, applied themselves with less minuteness and circumstantiality; and to what Americans like Dreiser and Sinclair Lewis applied themselves — "the human document" as they, according to their temperaments, understood it. As Dreiser understood it, "the human document" supplied little, significant facts about ambition, money, lechery, and love, and he is one of the few American writers who have been able to write about love. As Sinclair Lewis understood it, "the human document" supplied facts somewhat more superficial but perhaps more characteristically American, facts which dealt chiefly with women-ruled men, with lechery, and vague aspirations towards *kultur* and social service.

None of the followers ever equaled the master of the method — Flaubert; in fact it is doubtful if any of them except Zola produced any work that will last as long as *Madame Bovary*. Perhaps it can be maintained that the

realistic novel is interesting only when produced by a writer with the romantic mind, like Flaubert's and Zola's, and is too ordinary, too dull, when produced by minds without any romantic or poetic sweep to them. The enormous influence exerted by *Madame Bovary* has been both good and bad, with the bad influence on the whole preponderating; for from it, or from the books derived from it, anybody with a little literary bent and some experience of life can learn to write a story; and the curse of contemporary literature is the multitude of persons who can use literary material with fair skill, but who have no real talent, no power whatever of adding anything to human experience. One thing to be said in favor of the newer literary modes is that they are very difficult for the amateur or the ungifted to master. In fact, the simple-minded copyist who would try to imitate the literary method based on the philosophies of the unconscious is treading on very dangerous ground indeed; for despite the contempt for the value of logic shown by the most powerful of the modern innovators, they are, every one of them, from Mallarmé to Joyce and Proust, men of hard intellectual training and strong intellectual power. Never has literature, in all its history, been so deeply influenced by philosophy. Some of the philosophers and psychologists who have exercised a transforming influence are men whose names mean very little to the ordinary reader — Charcot and his two pupils, Janet and Freud, Ribot, Bergson, and, in America, William James. Of these, three are still living — Janet, Freud, and Bergson.

#### EXPLORERS OF THE MIND

BEGINNING with Charcot, who made his investigations into conscious and unconscious personality through the latter half of the nineteenth century, the explorers of the mind have managed to change our whole conception of man. The old idea of man, the Aristotelian man, taught to everybody from childhood and still largely taught, was that he was a conscious entity, responsible himself for what he was, fully aware of what he was doing and of the motives for his actions. Literature, though it was never completely molded on this conception, was, nevertheless, bound up with it. The new psychologists discovered that the old,

unified human being was a myth; that man was made up of several different personalities, all living a life below consciousness and sometimes all at war with each other. They declared that but a very little bit of man was conscious, and some of them, like William James and Janet, were even inclined to discount that little bit of consciousness. For the most part, however, they allowed us a measure of consciousness as far as our practical lives were concerned, but our deeper lives, all our spiritual forces, they said, sprang from the unconscious.

#### REFORM OF SENTENCE AND LANGUAGE

FROM THESE discoveries sprang that passion for reforming language, for reshaping the sentence, for recombining words of which we are now everywhere aware; for the traditions of ordinary language were presumed to be insufficient to reveal human psychology, to permit the revelation of that unconscious or subconscious which is the largest part of us all. Ordinary language had become algebraic, they said; it expressed only our conscious or logical and practical side, and was not pliant enough for imaginative expression. The old grammatical rules that are still taught in schools and colleges began to be broken everywhere in writing; in fact, they seemed to exist intact now only for commercial and scientific writing. That a sentence other than an exclamation could not exist unless there was a verb in it seemed an unshakable rule drilled into everybody at school; now, illogical sentences, without a trace of a verb, are frequent in the new writers. If some sensation, some spasm of the mind can be made more actual or more subtle by shattering a grammar rule, there is no hesitation about shattering it. But to break rules successfully you must first know them thoroughly and in all their incarnations, and so, like all the other new developments in literature, this rule-breaking is not for the unwary or the simple-minded copyist.

In this country there are many writers of varying degrees of power whose work shows the reform of language and of the sentence — Waldo Frank, Sherwood Anderson, E. E. Cummings, William Faulkner, Kay Boyle, and, amongst the poets, Hart Crane and E. E. Cummings. But the contemporary writer who has

tried most thoroughly and, for many people, most bewilderingly, to reform language is James Joyce. The new psychological discoveries affected the poets first amongst the writers. As far back as fifty years ago they aroused the symbolist poets, who devoted themselves “À la recherche des mondes cachés” and to the discovery of the language for evoking these hidden worlds. The inside man, the unconscious man, they said, had been more deeply expressed in music; therefore, said Mallarmé, let us take over into literature the methods of music; let words be given their musical value; let the poet follow music and orchestrate instead of develop his theme. For language, said he, has been ruined for poetic expression by its purely practical development, and the poet may have to invent a new language. This is exactly what James Joyce has done and is doing. He has broken up words into their component syllables, recombined them into sounds which suggest their meaning and express, not ideas, not arguments, not logical constructions of any kind, but those states of sensation and sensibility which Mallarmé thought were the only subjects for poetry.

The average reader perusing a book for pleasure or profit and regarding some of these reformers as a trifle crazy has little conception of the extent to which all these complex ideas have invaded writing of every description, from high literature to detective stories and the department-store advertisements. Coleridge said that every village-inn sign in England bore witness that Titian once lived and worked in colors; so, at present, there is hardly a young lady writing advertisements for backless frocks in the Sunday papers who does not show in her language the influence of those diggings that Charcot and Ribot and William James and Bergson have made into the mind of man. Their influence is largely doing away with the old logical method of telling a story, which not so long ago was the only method and which will, of course, in spite of everything, always remain one of the great methods, when writers can find the material suitable to it. But it has sometimes seemed as if all the tales were told; and as if that ancient and beloved character who sat at the gates of Bagdad or the gates of Damascus, where the caravans passed, and told stories to all who went by the way had

vanished from the earth for lack of new material for his tales. It is just here, however, from the point of view of material, that America has it over all the older countries. It has not only unexhausted stores of material to draw from, but minds, formed in a new mold, which can use those materials. American writers have renewed literature, not only in the current manner of psychological subtlety and reform of language but, in addition, through writers like Willa Cather, Hervey Allen, Thornton Wilder, and Archibald MacLeish (in verse), who have in them the powers of that old sitter at the gates and can relate wondrous tales of men who made strange conquests and fought strong fights in the body and in the spirit. When writers have a rich, unwrought material to hand, when they have had the life-experience to understand it and the psychic power to cope with it, they do not have to make startling experiments with language to bring renewal to literature.

#### LITERATURE IN NEW COUNTRIES

IT TOOK America a long time to produce minds which could cope with American material or with material outside the New England tradition — even down to our own time the amount of original work produced was slight. The country was and is still deluged with imitation literature, or the literature of Cultured Dullness. There is a psychological reason for this: what are called the newer countries, those countries settled by a transplanted population, take a long time to develop in needful vigor and power those qualities of temperament, thought, and emotion which make for the creation of works of art. The largeness and vacantness of new lands, their emptiness of all those monuments through which man has expressed himself, their lack of past associations with the race, the absences of complex human relationships, seem to denude people of personality, to afflict them with a sort of psychic starvation. What takes the place of art in new countries is a craving for knowledge, a sort of blue-stocking pedantry, an exaggerated deference to professors and purveyors of information. Those who write, write not because they have any revelation to make but because they have a sort of literary culture and interest in literary form which seems to them and their readers the same

thing as literary talent. What they produce I call "Imitation Literature"; it is still practically the only kind that comes out of Australia and Canada and even still is unnecessarily widespread in America. This country is now the oldest and most developed of the new lands, and every year there spring up fresh and vigorous talents endowed with high emotional power and that subtle, nervous mentality with "all the nerves of motion and all the nerves of pain" which denotes a country's artistic coming-of-age.

In the last few years the work of the younger writers like Thomas Wolfe, Kay Boyle, and Erskine Caldwell shows not only the vigor of the new world, but the complexity, the emotional depth of the old. I do not mean to suggest that all these writers have produced lasting literature — he is a wise man indeed who can say of a book at the time of its publication that it will live fifty years — but a book which has such vitality and sincerity that one can prognosticate for it a fair length of life, if it has in addition certain other literary qualities and a power of intensifying the life of the reader, can very fairly be described as real literature. All real literature is not necessarily immortal literature, particularly at this crowded stage of literary history. But I do say that a considerable number of American writers are producing what can be called real literature, and that the death-knell is being rung both for the literature of Cultured Dullness and the equally dull literature of uncultured wildness.

#### WHAT STYLE IS

ONE OF THE surest ways of telling whether any book or poem or essay or story is real literature is by its style. Now style is not at all what so many teachers and professors tell us that it is: it is not necessarily the careful picking of words, the avoiding of clichés, the tasteful arrangement of language — any educated person with a literary bent can do all that. But what style really is is the translation into language of an inner rhythm of the mind, an inner rhythm which is the essence of the writer's personality, of his gifts, of his passions, his emotions, his psychic energy. A writer may with practice become more skilful at expressing his inner rhythm, but style can never be taught or acquired — all that can ever be taught or

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## HOW TRIVIAL ARE MODERN BOOKS?

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learned is a graceful use of words. At some times a writer is better able than at others to express in language his inner rhythm; the inner rhythm itself may not last him all his life any more than youth or beauty does, though there have been men of genius like Sophocles and Goethe in whom it lasted to extreme old age, outwearing beauty and strength and youth. It does not need complex language; it can be expressed in the simplest and most ordinary words and yet result in something that will stand the wear and tear of centuries. Take those few familiar lines of Nash which the reader will find in any anthology, in that poem of his called *In Time of Pestilence*:

Brightness falls from the air,  
Queens have died young and fair,  
Dust hath closed Helen's eye.  
*I am sick, I must die,  
Lord have mercy on us!*

There is here no effort at fine language, no hunt after out-of-the-way words, no avoidance of the obvious; the magic comes from the passion of the inner rhythm which the writer was able to translate into such simple, everyday words. A writer without the inner rhythm might use the choicest words, the most perfect sentences, and the result would not be any kind of style at all; some of the imitation writers in the magazines have, in fact, a very tasteful choice of words, but that mysterious quality of the real writer they have not got. I open haphazardly one of the higher class magazines and read a poem. I choose the poem to quote because it is shorter than a prose piece:

The fire leaps and falls; outside, the birds  
Sing in the cold grey dusk of early Spring.  
Again, again their sharp sweet twittering,  
Their flights of tune, their little piercing words.

There is here, despite the tasteful arrangement of language, no inner rhythm; the writer has merely a pleasing literary accomplishment, a little touch of artistry; but the lines show no talent. Then I open at random a book of Archibald MacLeish:

We were the first that found that famous country:  
We marched by a king's name: we crossed the  
sierras:

Unknown hardships we suffered: hunger:

Death by the stone knife: thirst: we fared by the  
Bitter streams: we came at last to that water:

Towers were steep upon the fluttering air:  
We were the lords of it all.

There it is, the inner rhythm translated into language with words so ordinary that they are all in the vocabulary of a child of ten; an inner rhythm so strong and individual that we know a new, powerful talent has come into American literature.

A thing to be noticed when this inner rhythm shows itself is that it is not only individual to the writer but it can also be racial. For example, no matter what material Willa Cather uses and in no matter what form, whether it is a magazine article about meeting Flaubert's niece, or a novel of the French in Canada or in New Mexico, or of Scandinavians in Nebraska the rhythm to which she writes is not only peculiar to herself, it is peculiarly American, just as the rhythm to which Virginia Woolf writes is peculiarly English. On the other hand, Sinclair Lewis, whose subjects are always American, whose types could never be mistaken for anything except America, has no style at all, no inner rhythm to translate into language.

The contribution of America to the renewal of modern literature in the way of material, style, and language has really been very stirring; towards new form it has not, as yet, contributed a great deal, except in the domain of the drama, where the exploits of Eugene O'Neill, in spite of his poor sense of language, have been impressive. But in the other literary forms all the real innovators have been Europeans: Proust, Joyce, Valéry, Mallarmé; nevertheless, one cannot go very deep into any European innovations without encountering the influence of those astonishing figures, the two Jameses: William and Henry; and before them again, Poe and Whitman.

The literary potentialities of America are indeed tremendous, but what is needed above everything is a hardening of literary standards among publishers and editors; for the standards of that portion of the public which reads is quite high — probably rather higher than in most countries. The literary world might take a cue from the world of music, where the public is treated as a rule only to real music and popular music, very seldom to the efforts of some person with a little bent towards music — certainly never to the extent that the reading public is treated to the efforts at self-expression — that mania of modern life — of some person with a little bent towards writing.

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# THE FOLLY OF HOMEOWNING

BY A VICTIM

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**E**VER SINCE primitive man and his spouse found it was safe to come down from the treetops and possess the nearest cave, as a more comfortable and spacious habitat, the youth of the race has been urged to own its own homes. Later, when the taming of fire enabled men to make iron axes, with which to master the forests, he whose skill excelled in shaping an attractive hut out of the trunks of trees and who could also hunt well enough to bring home a sufficient quantity of fresh meat got the most desirable woman as a bride. It was not by accident that the best-built house in the tribal village always belonged to the chief.

Thus for countless millenniums the old men and women of the tribe craftily constructed a tradition of homeowning to entangle the young and venturesome in the net of domesticity, before they were lured off by the free and easy life of the nomad. To-day, the realtor, backed by a whole flock of high-power advertising experts, radio entertainers, and ballyhoo artists, takes the place of the tribal sachem in the development of the home-ownership cult. He is an adept at ensnaring the young and innocent bridegroom with the dazzling picture of a precious deed to his own home, instead of a pile of worthless rent receipts. Or if he be a truly great realtor, he may even employ a William Jennings Bryan to expatiate on the moral duty of homeowning.

I here and now challenge this whole hoary myth of the desirability of homeowning. Backed by seventeen years of expensive experience in finding a family abode, I am convinced that buying a home under existing conditions is ruinous folly. No matter how justifiable homeowning might have been in the days when land and lumber were free and compound interest had not yet been invented, with our present system of speculative con-

struction, high taxes, and heavy mortgage payments, it is now the source of more domestic discord and financial disaster for the average family than anything else, not even excepting bridge disputes and hard liquor.

Instead of reducing the young married man's expenses, homeowning multiplies them. Instead of being thrifty, it is reckless extravagance. Instead of developing the noblest traditions of fatherhood and good citizenship, it is more apt to make poor father a nervous wreck, turn a prospective good citizen into an insolvent debtor, and convert an honest, God-fearing man into a gambler with Providence — and the real-estate market.

I do not speak from mere theory. Within the past ten years I have lost \$17,000 of hard-earned savings, invested in two homes and a handsome corner lot on which we hoped to build another home. I have sacrificed, saved, scrimped, and gone without, in order to meet the payments due on the family mortgage, and have seen a half-decade of such slow and painful accumulation wiped out in a few months by the collapse of property values. Dozens of my best friends have suffered similarly, some of them tragically. I therefore propose to tell the truth about the stupendous folly of homeowning, in the ardent hope that this warning may save some poor soul from the false preachments of the platitude-makers and the seductive snares of the real-estate promoters.

## THE MYTHS OF THRIFT AND PRIDE

**T**HE SELLERS of lumber, the makers of sanitary plumbing, and the mortgage brokers are united in extolling the virtue of homeowning as an incentive for thrift. It is "a form of compulsory saving," we are told, "without which the average man can never amass an estate." The past decade has exploded entirely this specious plea. Buying a home under

present conditions may increase the estate of the realtor, the contractor, and their cohorts, but it is more apt to bankrupt the unfortunate chap who puts everything he has into a home for his family. He is likely to see it foreclosed and his savings lost forever, just because he is temporarily out of a job or is prevented by illness, accident, or plain hard times from meeting his monthly mortgage payments promptly over a long period of years. No, if homeowning is an indication of thrift, then Wall Street is an old maids' home.

The second false statement to support homeowning is that it develops the pride of ownership: the homeowner feels himself an integral part of the community and not a mere unstable drifter. I once knew a man who had great pride of ownership in his lawn; he labored every spare hour of daylight in weeding and fertilizing and rolling and trimming that lawn. He gave up all manner of wholesome recreation and cultural enjoyment with his family, in order to become a slave to a lawn. His pride of ownership was a ball-and-chain fettering him to a green and grassy prison — but a prison nevertheless. You remember that Jesse James was very proud of his pearl-handled double-barreled derringers; but the vicious little pistols did not become hallowed on that account — they kept on taking innocent human lives just the same. Pride of ownership may be either good or bad, depending on the worthiness of the object on which it is lavished. To allege that homeowning is desirable because some men are proud of their homes is merely begging the question.

Down at Coral Gables, during the Florida boom, that great evangelist from the Platte, the late W. J. Bryan, used to tell the assembled "guests" (the initiated called them suckers) that "to own a home in Coral Gables is a certificate of character." In unvarnished words, homeowning is alleged to develop the character of the owner by giving him something splendid for which to strive. The major premise of this argument is correct, even though the conclusion be wholly wrong. The average homeowner with a mortgage on his home will have to strive, all right, and must keep on striving for many, many years before he can call his home and his soul his own. After some sad experience with such striving,

I am prone to confess that it redounded much more to the benefit of the speculative builder and the realtor than to my own moral welfare. Month after month we have learned what it is to strive and save like slaves, offering up vain sacrifices on the altar of a heartless mortgage, so that the credit of the family would not be impaired, nor our investment in the property lost by foreclosure. We wanted another baby; but no, the monthly payments on the mortgage did not leave margin enough to permit it. We longed to make a trip to California so that our little boy could see his grandparents before it was too late; but there stood the grim specter of the inexorable mortgage, to say, "Thou shalt not." We yearned to take a little vacation in Europe after the strain of an especially severe year; but the implacable maw of that mortgage ate up all our little surplus.

Yet all these sacrifices availed us absolutely nil, for a business change compelled me, just when we had paid off the heaviest part of the burden of debt on our house, to leave that city. I could not find a buyer for the house, though it was in the best residential section of the city; and, after five years of unprofitable experience in renting it, we finally sold it for eight thousand dollars less than it had cost us. The depression ate up, at one gulp, the years of hard saving embodied in that house. Indeed, a mortgage will make one strive, but so will a stout blacksnake whip in the hands of a slave driver.

If a man really wants to make sacrifices for the development of character, let him strive for something worth while. Let him live in a rented home and take some of the hard-earned money that would otherwise disappear down the gullet of the mortgage Moloch to give recreation and enjoyment and cultural opportunities to his wife and children, for these will not depreciate so irretrievably as a house, nor will he have to pay heavy taxes on them.

### THE EVIDENCE OF EXPERIENCE

**"B**UT IT IS cheaper to own your own home. Instead of paying out your savings to the landlord, you can have a deed to show to the neighbors." This fraudulent and fallacious argument traps many a well-meaning but

weak-minded man into putting his name on the dotted line for the purchase of a home. It is just as specious and dishonest a bait as that other old saw, "Two can live as cheaply as one"; and it has created even more difficulties than its matrimonial counterpart.

Three years ago, we moved to a central-Ohio city, where I had an excellent position that looked as permanent as Madam Schumann-Heink. We were congratulated on our good fortune in finding a charming house that had to be sold "at a sacrifice" by the owner, who had been transferred to another city by his company. We desired to become a stable part of the community; so we raised a few thousand dollars to make the down payment on the property, assumed a big first mortgage, and gave the owner a second mortgage for the difference. By dint of planning and saving until it hurt, we paid off the second mortgage and slightly reduced the first mortgage, when, a few months ago, my business interests required me to move to an eastern city. We had put a total of \$6,000 of desperately hard-saved cash into our home, and now, in this year of grace 1933, we wanted to rent it or sell it. And then we discovered that the property had depreciated approximately \$6,000 in market value, due to the depression; and since we could not rent it for enough to meet the carrying charges, we finally disposed of it for just enough to cover the first mortgage. In other words, our savings invested in that home sank out of sight forever. It had cost us some \$2,000 a year for the privilege of living in a moderate-priced house. I have lost a total of \$17,000 in ten years through the same method of saving rent by buying one's own home; and I have now come to the conclusion that it is a lot cheaper to pay a moderate rent and let the landlord pay the taxes and repairs and fire insurance and carry the other burdens and risks incident to ownership.

Instead of pushing a man ahead in the world, the extravagance of homeownership is more apt to push him back. A friend of mine was earning a salary of \$50,000 a year, as vice-president of a large insurance company. His business and social position in the city demanded that he have a fine home. He could have rented one very readily, but, being a guileless person, he bought a "bargain" (so

pronounced by his banker and realtor) for \$125,000, a substantial part of which he paid in cash. He gave a mortgage for the balance. A year ago he had a business opportunity such as comes to few men. In order to take advantage of it, he had to conserve his cash temporarily. He wrote to the holder of the mortgage requesting a slight extension of time in making his payments on it, since he had promptly made all previous payments. The next day he received the following peremptory reply: "If you do not make your payment exactly as called for in the mortgage, there will be a sheriff's sale of your property." He then tried to get his money out of his home by offering it for sale, but because of the depression nobody wanted to buy it. For the past year, that beautiful home and the mortgage on it have been like a ball of lead hobbling the feet of a very able man. A few weeks ago, he finally sold the house on deferred payments, chalking down a loss of \$35,000 on the property he bought at a "bargain."

You may think that very few people buy such expensive homes, and those who do should be able to afford a loss. Very well, take the case of Mr. B, by far the ablest authority on book and newsprint papers that I have ever known. He owned a nice home in a suburb, and, by persistent saving and paying, had reduced the mortgage to less than forty per cent of the original value of the property. Without any warning, the firm he represented failed. He was cut off without even the salary due him for the current month. Now, if he had put his savings into life insurance or decent bonds or even into listed stocks, he could have weathered the storm without excessive loss or he could have afforded to move to Chicago, where another job in the same line was available, though at a much lower compensation. What actually happened was that he lost his home, because he could not meet the payments on it; nor could he salvage anything by selling it nor could he borrow a penny on his equity in it, to enable him to move to Chicago. The tragic truth is that that man has been ruined, and his little family rendered destitute, in consequence of following the fallacious and immoral advice of the wise man who urged him to put his savings into a home.

Perhaps you have an idea that the Federal

Home Loan Law will come to the aid of such worthy people and prevent the loss of their homes. It will do no such thing, unless the holder of the mortgage voluntarily agrees to accept  $4\frac{1}{2}$ -per-cent bonds in exchange for the mortgage, which may well bear an interest rate half again as much; or unless the mortgage is paid down to the point where it is not more than forty per cent of the sound appraised value of the property. For the homeowner whose mortgage exceeds forty per cent of a new valuation (and this would include most of the distress cases) or for him whose debtor refuses to discount the mortgage by reducing the interest rate, the much-heralded Home Loan Act offers no relief whatever. Nothing in the bill, for instance, provides relief for the unfortunate unemployed man who is delinquent in the payment of principal or interest or taxes on property mortgaged for more than forty per cent of a new appraisal, and who needs merely to borrow money for these imperative items, to protect his equity in his home.

Speaking of delinquent taxes, the increasing tax burden on homeowners merits a word or two. The multimillionaire, whose wealth is in stocks and bonds, may avoid the payment of property taxes, if his legal residence is in the proper state, but not the poor homeowner, whose entire savings are tied up in a piece of real estate. He never escapes taxation. In proportion to their means, the homeowners of America are paying far more in taxes than is any other similar group in the country. And with the rising costs of national, state, and local governments, the tax burden on the small homeowner is going to increase.

Let us stop this deceitful palaver about the glorious virtue of homeowning. In the name of common honesty, let us tell the aspiring young husband, who wants to provide a home for his family, that homeowning is attended with unusual risks; that it is a far greater gamble than almost any other form of investment he can make; that, if he must move to some other locality, or if illness or accident or unemployment prevents his completing his contract to pay for the home, he will probably lose all or a great part of the savings he puts into it. Let us face the unpleasant truth that, in America to-day, homeowning, like yacht own-

ing, is an extravagant luxury, which can safely be indulged in only by those wealthy enough to stand a loss without bringing distress or destitution on their families. For the average man, homeowning is too hazardous a gamble, and one is obliged to add that those who want to gamble will get a far better run for their money by playing the ponies or taking a fling in Wall Street.

### IT CAN BE DONE

UNDER PRESENT conditions, comparatively few people in the United States can really afford to take the risk of buying a home. Other countries are striving to solve the housing problem through municipal housing, co-operative housing, or provision of homes by the government or the industry, as in the Soviet Union. The failure, during the past four years, of one after another of the big mortgage companies in this country is conclusive evidence that the speculative construction of homes for speculative sale at the maximum profit has completely broken down. The United States Government, through the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, has just granted a loan of several million dollars to a large New York contractor, who has agreed to build, according to specifications approved by the Government, homes that will rent for just enough to cover fair carrying and depreciation charges over a long period of years. It is most significant that in the City of New York — the richest city in the world — only about one family in forty can afford to own its own home, and that shameful “lung blocks,” condemned by the Tenement Laws of the eighties, are still in use for human habitation on the East Side. Compare this with the remarkable achievement of Vienna, impoverished by the war and torn by political upheavals, which nevertheless has, since the end of the War and without adding one schilling to the bonded debt of the city, completely abolished its slums.

But perhaps you say that municipal housing is “socialistic.” Very well, turn to England, still the citadel of conservative capitalism, where a number of municipalities, aided by governmental subsidies, have provided decent, cheap homes for their citizens, on the same theory of general welfare that warrants

the building of public schools.

Within gunshot of the deserted battlefield of Waterloo, in Belgium, is a co-operative housing development that puts to shame anything of the kind we have in this great and wealthy country. Beautiful small homes surrounded by garden plots and with rental rates so low that amortization is extended over a period of from fifty to one hundred years, depending on the type of dwelling, have been built for the people by the Belgian co-operative societies, under the inspired guidance of Edouard Anseele. Or take Bitz, the working-class suburb of Berlin, where beautifully built and decorated co-operative apartments are available on the basis of "a year's rent for a week's wages." There are to-day, throughout Europe, literally thousands of successful co-operative housing groups, all based on the proposition that the people should be furnished with decent, comfortable homes at cost and without any personal risk of loss or other speculative element.

One need not be a worshiper at the shrine of the Soviets to approve at least one great reform achieved by the Bolsheviks in the land of the Czars, whose cities used to be notorious for the disgraceful housing conditions of the working class. I have seen the slums of every great city of the Western world. The tenements along the Clyde in Glasgow are bad enough. The hovels flanking the River Liffey in Dublin, a British Government White Paper admits, are so terribly congested that one-fourth of the total population of the city lives in one-room tenements. In the mews of London, the life of the people is unspeakably brutalized by bad housing. And no one who has ever seen the Ghetto of Warsaw can forget its filth and squalor and stench. Yet all these fade into insignificance compared with the wretched dirt hovels I have seen in Baku, formerly the Czar's great oil port on the Caspian Sea, where human beings inhabited cubicles made of dried mud, without windows and with only a hole for a door, utterly devoid of sanitary conveniences, and consisting usually of a single room with a pallet of straw on the dirt floor as the chief furnishing.

The Soviet oil industry has completely replaced these intolerable shambles with modern "American-type" apartments, erected wholly

at the cost of the industry and given rent-free to its employees. I have personally inspected a number of these no-rent apartments, all of which are equipped with gas and electricity, bathtubs and toilets, and other conveniences equal, if not superior, to those possessed by most working-class families in this country. Housing in the principal cities of the Soviet Union is being revolutionized by the building of co-operative apartments for the people; and, since occupancy in them is practically perpetual, as long as the family needs the space and pays its share of the maintenance, the benefits of home ownership are obtained largely without any financial risk to the home-seeker. Or if one desires to build a private residence anywhere in the Soviet Union, except along its foreign borders, he may secure land free of charge from the government — since all land is nationalized. He may then erect and occupy his house as his very own for a long period of years (thirty-five years in the case of a brick house), after which it belongs to the state, just as in this country a building erected on leased land becomes the property of the owner of the land upon termination of the lease. In the Soviet Union, however, one may continue to occupy his house after the termination of the free-use period, upon payment of a stipulated rental to the local government. Under this plan of private housing, land speculation is eliminated and building is undertaken only for one's own use.

The American people will have to work out the housing problem according to its own needs and customs. At present, homeownership for the great mass of our fellow citizens is either too expensive, too risky, or both. Co-operative housing has been tried with fair success in a few large American cities, despite the very limited amount of capital available for it. While American landlords need not quake in their boots, lest their land be nationalized, as in Russia, we are evidently facing a growing recognition by both national and local governments of their moral obligation to provide decent housing at the minimum possible cost to their citizens. We may yet be able, unhaunted by the specter of the family mortgage and unhampered by bondage to a rapacious interest bill, to sing *Home, Sweet Home*.

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# PATIENCE

BY ROSE MACAULEY

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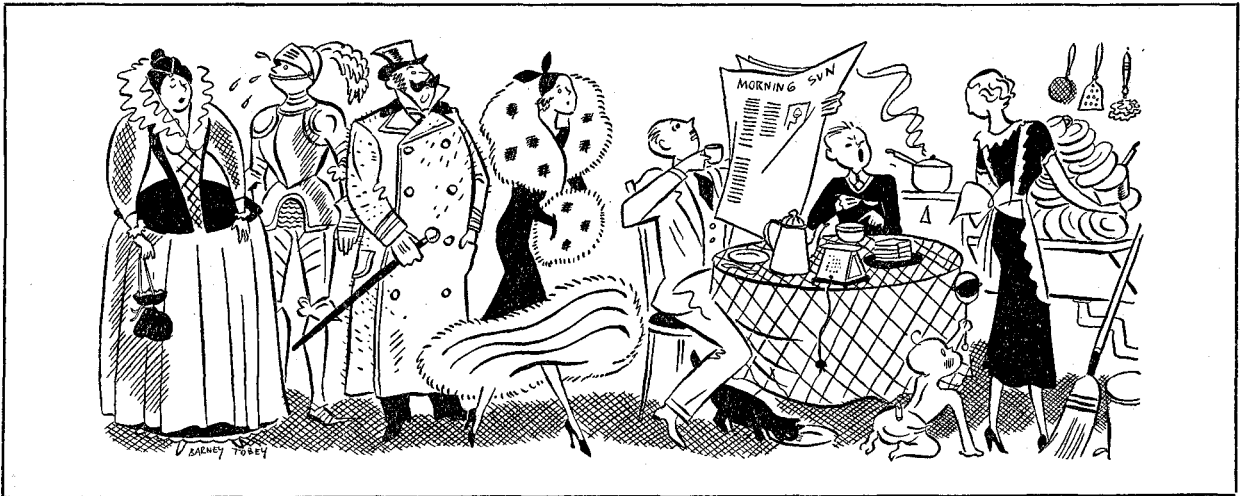
*Drawings by Barney Tobey*

“PATIENCE is a virtue; patience is a grace,” they told us in the nursery. They did not add that it is overmuch of this virtue and this grace that has always lain on the world, a dead weight, to hinder its improvement, and that it is only impatience that has got humanity the little way it has so far gone. The Jews were patient in the land of Egypt and would, I suppose, still be there, had not the impatient man Moses (miscalled meek) lost his temper and marched them out. The world’s reformers have always known that patience was their deadly foe: Florence Nightingale was loud in her complaints of it; so was Cobbett, who could not induce in the people of England sufficient discontent with their lot to amend it. The abiding patience of the poor — what a hindrance this has always been to their advancement! The patience of women with antiquated methods of housework — with the broom, the scrubbing brush, the coal fire; the

patience of Griselda with her bullying husband; of Job with his irritating comforters; of all of us with noise, dirt, ugliness, and life in general — what chains and weights have these been! How patient we are with the tedious governments which set themselves over us: how meekly the Germans sustain their Nazis, the Russians their Soviets, the Italians their Fascists, the Irish their De Valera, the English their Houses of Parliament! It seems that it takes Spanish Americans or Cubans to be healthily impatient with their governments and to get rid of them every few months. Among Europeans, the French are the least patient: the great French people is not patient when anyone suggests to it that it should part with money; and as all governments do this, the governments of France are frequently expelled. We English are more patient about paying money, and the lives of tax collectors and Chancellors of the Exchequer are safer here than across the Channel.

## II

THE STORY of humanity is a long tragedy of patience. Consider how we pass our brief lives, poor insects of a day that we are, who should be enjoying ourselves while we can. Each morning we are awakened by roaring vehicles, singing or crowing birds, ringing alarm clocks, knockings on doors, or what not. Patiently we suffer our brief sleep thus to be shattered; patiently we accept this burden of yet another day. A little more impatience, and we should fling some missile at the traffic, the birds, the clock, or the knocker at the door, pull the bedclothes again about our ears and sleep our fill. But instead, patiently we rise, go once more through the weary ceremonies of washing, brushing hair and teeth, shaving, putting on garments — all of which we have done many thousands of times before and will



do many thousands of times again. A little more impatience, and we should long since have devised some single act, such as pressing a button, which should lift us from our beds and turn us out clean and clad and ready for the day. Doing all this troublesome work by hand is not worthy of a machine-minded race in the twentieth century.

"Clad," did I say? Patient idiots that we are, to have suffered all these centuries this burden of costly and comfortless fabrics that we have draped about our forms. Patient men, going their ways in stiff, heavy cloth, hard collars, hot felt hats. More patient women, to let fashion drape them in encumbering skirts halfway from knee to ankle; poise them on three-inch heels like stilts, that ruin speed, comfort, grace, and feet. Patient mortals, who, sooner than wear what others do not wear, melt like butter in hot weather, freeze like icicles in cold. Down the ages, men and women have sustained with patience the most desolating clothes: heavy armor, sweeping skirts, farthingales, starched ruffs, huge wigs, torturing coiffures, crinolines, bustles, tight lacing, stiff collars, hobble skirts, heavy bathing suits, hot furs, and what not. If female impatience occasionally revolts against long skirts, and these are shortened to the knee, in two or three years impatience dies away: skirts descend; legs are again enclosed in swinging, hampering fabrics; patient women hobble about like aged crones, unable to run, leap, or climb with ease.

Having thus patiently taken up our daily burden of clothes, we proceed patiently to the ritual of imbibing the first installment of our

day's nourishment. We cook and place on a table (or cause to be cooked and placed) such food and drink as we decide to be necessary for our support for the next few hours. So many chairs are arranged about a table; so many plates, cups, knives, spoons, and other instruments; and the party falls to, messing up everything that can be messed, so that there will be plenty of work cleaning it again (all by hand) afterwards. A greater impatience in humanity would dispense with all this ceremonial and induce each adult person to take for himself, from the place where it is kept, such nourishment as he desires, without littering up a table and making a great to-do every few hours throughout the day.

Having eaten and drunk in this troublesome manner, those who perform work outside their homes set forth to do it, patiently enduring the nightmare of roaring, clattering streets, made hideous and perilous with a mechanical traffic which a decent impatience would, from the first, have relegated to roads set apart for it. The admission of mechanical traffic to roads whereon we also walk and drive animals is one of the strongest testimonies to the strange patience of mankind.

Meanwhile, the woman who stays at home cleans and arranges her house with the clumsy and barbarian contrivances she has to assist her. Every day she performs this unproductive, dead-end labor of cleaning a house that is to be in a mess again long before next morning — of arranging by hand bedclothes that should be turned and tidied by electric switch, of cooking meals that are to be consumed in far less time than the preparing took.



## III

LOOKING at the vast and apparently imbecile patience of men and women beneath these burdens, one sees only one form of patience more remarkable — that of those who have not food enough to cook, not money enough to keep life going on any kind of agreeable level; who see money all about them, flying from pocket to pocket, and none of it into theirs; who see others riding in their cars, while they go afoot or in public vehicles; others going off for holidays, while they must stay in stuffy streets; others wearing new clothes, while they must do with old; others seeing moving pictures, while they have to be content with stationary ones in free galleries; others giving their children education until they are adult, while theirs go to work at fourteen.

The patient abiding of the poor is one of the miracles of human life which has always been subject to periodic local breakdowns, after which it settles once again for another space of undisturbed inertia. At any moment, in any community, it may suddenly fail. For instance, in Russia, which has always been, and is now, a slave state, there will probably quite soon be an upheaval of the patient, oppressed, enslaved, peasant-poor, who will overturn their oppressors, seize the means of production, and oppress in their turn, since Russians ever must be slaves. In England, where there is poverty without enslavement, the poverty that comes from individual industrial liberty, the breakdown of patience will probably result in the end of liberty — in slavery in the interest of the majority. In Germany, as in Russia,

the revolt will be against tyranny: the nation will at last become angry at the suppression of liberty and at government-propagated nonsense about politics and race and will (presumably) arise and end it. In Italy, will the population, including the journalists and writers, be patient forever under Fascist regimentation? This seems possible, for Italians have inherited a great store of Roman stoicism under discipline, and are not like the unruly, liberty-loving Gothic hordes who people Great Britain, France, and Germany. Still, they are a western people; they lack the staggering patience of the East. They are not as Hindus are, who, when they plan a journey by train, repair with their luggage to the station and there wait patiently until a train shall happen along. If there should not be a train that day, they are not put about, for there will be one the next day or the next week. If, when the train does arrive, it should be full, and its occupants should prepare to squeeze closer together and make room for the incoming travelers, they will say, with the most patient politeness, "Do not trouble; there is another train to-morrow or in a few days," and will sit down again on the platform and go on waiting. Time is nothing to the vast patience of these Eastern ladies and gentlemen. They never say, as we do:

But ever at my back I hear  
Time's winged chariot hurrying near. . . .

As for ourselves, we hear the chariot behind us, but not loud enough seriously to incommode us. Patiently we amble along, and, after all, fast or slow, perhaps it does not very much matter.

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# HOW THE ARMS MAKERS WORK

BY VITA AND JOSEPH FRIEND

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THE CASE against private manufacture of armaments has been aptly phrased by Mr. R. G. Hawtrey, the economic expert of the British Treasury. "The cost of armaments in peacetime," he remarks, "is often compared to a premium of insurance against fire. The comparison would be more convincing if it did not imply that the fire insurance companies are the principal incendiaries." A similar indictment of the war industry was returned by a League of Nations commission delegated in 1920 to prepare reports and proposals for the reduction of armaments. This commission found that the makers of war materials fomented war scares, bribed and otherwise influenced public officers, circulated false and provocative information, conducted newspaper and other propaganda, organized arms trusts, and sold their products at exorbitant prices. Unfortunately, the evidence on which the commission had based these charges was not published.

But a certain amount of evidence can be gathered in support of such accusations. And since the world's "premium" of arms-insurance against war is to-day about \$4,126,000,000, and the fear of another major war is growing, it should be interesting to inquire into the status and operations of those who receive this sum.

The first fact that strikes us in examining the war industry is its great complexity and vast capitalization. The scale of modern combat makes necessary a tremendous productive capacity: to kill 7,000,000 men and wound 40,000,000 others is an undertaking that requires efficient large-scale methods. The British at Waterloo were satisfied to win a major battle at the scant expense and puny spectacle of some 10,000 cheap, round cannon balls. The British artillery during the World War did much better: "173,000,000 extremely costly rounds of ammunition in France alone and

1,000,000 in a single day's attack on the Hindenburg Line." The manufacture of the various implements of modern warfare is closely allied with many large and important industries — steel, lumber, chemicals.

It is clear, too, that monopoly has been established in the war industries. To-day, a few great firms control the armament manufacture of the world in a network of interlocking directorates and holding companies, with enormous profits carefully safeguarded by every device of enterprise. How well these large firms protect their interests is revealed by the methods they use to crush potential competitors. During the World War, for example, some of the leading British arms plants went so far as actually to imperil the British cause by contracting to supply the government with more munitions a week than they could produce at top capacity, merely to prevent the rise of other concerns.

Despite their pretense of patriotism, the arms makers sell to all who have money to buy. As the German pacifist, Lehmann-Russbüldt, remarks in his *War for Profits*, "If before the Great War armament manufacturers sold arms to the potential enemies of their mother-countries, and at a lower price . . . they did not cease doing so for patriotic reasons during the late great holocaust. Both sides . . . were guilty, the Entente as well as the Central Powers." Thus we find German steel manufacturers during the war exporting in some cases as much as 250,000 tons of steel a month through neutral countries like Switzerland to Germany's enemies, while the German commissary department was informed that it could not be supplied with 15,000 tons more than had hitherto been furnished. Similarly, French and British raw materials found their way into Germany through Sweden and other neutral countries. Cannon made by the Krupp works in Germany and sold to the Allies

were turned against German soldiers; guns made by Vickers in England were used to kill British soldiers during the Gallipoli campaign; the British fleet at the Battle of Skaggerak used gunsights made by the Goerz-Anschutz Company and the Zeiss Company of Jena; German soldiers at Douaumont were caught and torn by barbed wire exported from the Magdeburg Wire and Cable Works; hand-grenades, made by Vickers, with a fuse after a purchased Krupp patent, were used against Krupp's countrymen.

### II

**P**ERHAPS the great influence of the armament ring can be best demonstrated by a specific description of the growth and machinations of the most important firms. We may take as typical the large British corporation of Vickers-Armstrong.

This organization, not originally known as Vickers, was begun modestly in 1790. It grew by a steady process of merger and affiliation with other armament firms in the British Isles, until before the World War it was one of the leading war-materials corporations in the country, with a share capital of some millions of pounds and comfortable dividends. The growth of Vickers' profits and capital was halted only temporarily by the limitations on armaments imposed in the naval conference of 1921. In 1927, a merger between Vickers and Armstrong-Whitworth Ltd. brought together the two leading British arms manufacturing companies. To-day, this Vickers combine has developed into an immense concern, with many ramifications and an issued capital of nearly £16,000,000.

In this combine are included the Vickers-Armstrong group, the English Steel Corporation group, the Metropolitan-Cammell group, and Vickers (Aviation) Ltd. Vickers factories are to be found in Italy, Canada, Rumania, Spain, and several other countries, as well as in the British Isles. In Holland, Vickers has associations with a grenade factory and with the Fokker aviation firm, which also has holdings in America. Through its famous stockholder and director, Sir Basil Zaharoff, Vickers is further connected with the very powerful French armament company of Schneider-Creusot, for Zaharoff has considerable

interests in that firm. It is interesting to note also that Sir Herbert Lawrence, of both Vickers Ltd. and Vickers-Armstrong Ltd., is Manager of Glyn Mills; a Director of the Bank of Rumania, the Sun Insurance Office Ltd., and the Sun Life Assurance Society; and Chairman of the London Committee of the Ottoman Bank. Another director of Vickers, Major-General G. P. Dawnay, is also Chairman of Armstrong-Whitworth and Director of both Financial Newspapers Proprietors Ltd. and Economist Newspaper Ltd. Sir Otto Niemeyer, a Director of Vickers Ltd., is in addition a Director of the Anglo-International Bank and has been with the Bank of England for several years.

### III

**A**N ENUMERATION of the holdings and capitalization of the other large armament firms of the world would only confirm the impression got from a review of Vickers' activities. Thus, if we consider the Krupp works in Germany, we find that from a similar unpretentious beginning in the middle of the nineteenth century this concern grew to become, at the outbreak of the war, probably the most powerful of its kind in the world. Krupp was one of the first to internationalize the sale of armaments. When, in 1866, alarmed by the possibility of rebellion in South Germany and Austria, the Prussian government confidentially besought Krupp to refuse arms to these states, the magnate replied: "I am meagerly informed about political affairs. I merely go on working quietly and, if I could not do this without disturbing the harmony between love of country and honor, I should give up my work, sell my factory, and henceforth live as a rich and independent man." In the end, at the Battle of Königgratz, German soldiers destroyed one another with German guns from the same factory; and the profits flowed into the German pockets of Herr Krupp. During the course of a century, the Krupp works exported to fifty-two countries over half of its total output of cannon. These countries during the World War showered hand-grenades and shells on both the Central Powers and the Allies. His admirable impartiality brought Krupp both riches and honors, including membership in the French Legion of Honor.

To-day, theoretically, as a result of the Treaty of Versailles, German armament firms are manufacturing implements of agriculture rather than war, and the Krupp factory at Essen has supposedly been quite converted. But, actually, the traditional activities of the famous works seem now to be carried on at various non-German factories. The Bofors Munition concern in Sweden, for instance, in which Krupp acquired important interests during 1927, operates under Krupp patents, while the parent firm also has connections with plants in Holland. German war industries seem to have been little affected by Article 170 of the Versailles agreement, which provided that "Importation to Germany of arms, ammunitions, and war material of every kind shall be strictly prohibited. The same applies to the manufacture for an export to foreign countries of arms, ammunitions, and war material of every kind." As Elizabeth Waern-Bugge, in her painstaking statistical survey of the international traffic in arms, observes, "The nations which forced on Germany the said Article 170, are themselves among its customers: *Great Britain* purchased from Germany in 1923 31.8 per cent of its import, and *Italy* 20.6 per cent; in 1927 *Belgium* received 33.8 per cent of its import from Germany . . . to-day we see Germany as one of the great exporting powers in armaments."

Among the other great arms plants are Schneider-Creusot, in France, with its Czechoslovakian affiliate, Skoda; Mitsui, in Japan; and in America, the Bethlehem Steel Corporation and the Du Pont de Nemours Co.

#### IV

**S**CHNEIDER-CREUSOT, linked with banks, newspapers, and other arms firms, resembles the Vickers trust and the prewar Krupps. The French firm, in recent years, has exported war materials to Mexico, Jugoslavia, Greece, Japan, Rumania, Turkey, Bulgaria, Montenegro, Russia, Argentina, Spain, and Italy. For many of these exporting operations, banks have been formed with interests in the countries concerned, as well as in France. For example, Banque Hypothécaire d'Argentine has on its Board of Directors men who are also directors of Schneider; one of these, Neuflyze, is also a Director of the Ottoman Bank, and

thus privileged to rub elbows with Sir Herbert Lawrence of Vickers. Another link-man in the Schneider chain of influence is M. François Wendel, who is President of the powerful Comité des Forges, Deputy in the French Chamber, a Director of the Bank of France, and wielder of controlling interests in both the *Journal des Débats* and *Le Temps*. It is scarcely surprising that these influential newspapers publish scathing attacks on all gestures toward disarmament. When Skoda, which is controlled by Schneider-Creusot through the Union Européenne Banque, supported the electoral campaign of Herr Hitler, Paul Fauré exclaimed in the French Chamber of Deputies: "We find, then, M. Schneider arming Bulgaria; M. Schneider arming Turkey; Skoda supporting Hitler, Hungarian and Rumanian loans, Franco-Japanese, Franco-Argentine, and Franco-Mexican banks. This is all extremely suspicious." M. Fauré seems to have been putting the matter mildly.

#### V

**T**HE MITSUI corporation in Japan operates much like other arms plants. Its interests include petroleum, mining, aircraft, electricity, marine and fire insurance, and steel — this last, the Nippon Steel Works, is the point of contact between the Japanese firm and Vickers. The patriotism of Japanese arms makers seems equal to that of their occidental colleagues. During recent years a great part of China's war materials was obtained directly from Japan. Such armaments as Japan was unable to provide for herself were obtained chiefly from Schneider-Creusot and Skoda, although Germany and the United States have got a fair share of the loot. News reports of the past year or two make this abundantly clear. We read that "Large freights of explosives, bombs, machine guns, airplane parts, and revolvers have left the harbors of the Elbe, bound for Japan"; that "The Skoda factory . . . sent 700 boxes of munitions via Hamburg to Japan, and on the following day a Norwegian steamer . . . took 4,000 boxes of explosives from Germany on its way to Japan"; that "The German chemical industry has sent huge quantities of acid to Japan for making explosives, and in one case 2,600 crates of chemicals were declared as pianos." According to a

declaration made in the House of Representatives, munitions worth \$180,000,000 have been shipped to Japan by the United States. Great Britain, the only country to make the gesture of imposing a short-lived embargo on the warring countries, had only a small share in this profitable trade, compared to that of other nations. The total of British arms exports to both Japan and China over a six-month period was, as recently revealed in Parliament, £154,000.

## VI

THE LARGEST arms manufacturer in the United States is the Bethlehem Steel Corporation, a holding and owning firm much like Vickers, Krupp, and Schneider-Creusot. While facts pertaining to the profits of this corporation are closely guarded, a pretty good general idea may be had from the increase in net property over a quarter of a century: \$31,000,000 in 1905, \$502,000,000 in 1930. Before the war this firm, like Vickers, belonged to the international Harvey Steel Trust, since dissolved. Other American makers of war materials are the Newport News Shipbuilding and Drydock Co. and the Brown Boveri Electric Company, a firm connected with Vickers through Electric Holdings, Ltd.

Du Pont de Nemours, the chemical concern which produces poison gas, also plays an important part in the international arms ring, as interests in this firm are owned by the Imperial Chemical Industries, England's leading chemical producer. This British company is, incidentally, one of the most powerful corporations belonging to the arms international. Its issued capital is over £70,000,000, and its investments, marketable and otherwise, total over £9,000,000, while it has holdings in Du Pont, Allied Chemical Company, and General Motors, in America; the Canadian International Nickel Company; and the German I. G. Farbenindustrie. This German concern, it is interesting to observe, has further connections with the Grasselli Dyestuffs Corporation in the United States, as well as with chemical and explosives plants in Spain, Italy, and Norway. Thus we see that two of the largest American chemical concerns are intimately linked with the world poison-gas combine.

Airplanes, to-day highly important instru-

ments of war, are made in America by Curtiss-Wright, Fokker, United Aircraft and Transport, and Consolidated Aircraft, among others. It is one more indication of the international ramifications of the war-material industry that the Wright engine is manufactured also by a Polish subsidiary of Skoda and by the Japanese Mitsui. The Fokker plant, too, as has been said, has international alliances with firms in Holland and Vickers in England.

## VII

ONE OF THE devices used to get orders is to frighten a government into the belief that a potential enemy is secretly increasing its military strength. Thus we find, for example, that Lord Balfour in 1909 threw Parliament into a mild panic by the news that within three years the German fleet would outnumber the British by nine dreadnoughts. This information, said Lord Balfour, had come to him through "a secret source." With alacrity, contracts for the construction of new battleships were awarded by the British government, to the extent of some £2,800,000. But it was soon revealed that Germany's fleet had not been enlarged and that the British had bought ships not needed. When at last the matter had been sifted, the "secret source" of Lord Balfour's alarm was discovered to be one H. H. Mulliner, Managing Director of the Coventry Ordnance Company, a firm partly owned by the Vickers subsidiary, Cammell Laird. And to this latter firm the new naval contracts had been given. Mr. Mulliner, being subsequently unwise enough to confess authorship of the rumor, found himself out of his desirable job.

Just as significant is the Putiloff affair of 1914, that golden year for the arms makers. In January of that year, the *Paris Echo* carried a telegraphic dispatch, ostensibly from St. Petersburg, to the effect that the Putiloff armament factories in Russia had been purchased by Krupp, and that as a result French arms secrets, which had been heretofore shared with the Russians, would fall into the hands of the Germans. *Le Matin*, *Figaro*, and *L'Echo* followed up this news with much excited military talk, crying up the value of French patents in machine guns and other arms. When, at last, the Putiloff Works asked for £2,000,000 to build more armaments for the Russian Gov-

ernment, Schneider-Creusot, previously interested in Putiloff and grateful thus to secure its hold on the Russian firm, advanced the money; at the same time, a French loan of £25,000,000 was quickly arranged for Russia, to circumvent the supposed German menace. The whole complicated matter was cleared up when it was discovered that the St. Petersburg dispatch had been quite false, arranged by Vickers' agent, Sir Basil Zaharoff, in conjunction with members of the Russian War Department, to throw a scare into France, thereby getting out of that country considerably more money to be spent on arms by Russia. Zaharoff's work proved valuable to Vickers, for a considerable share of the Russian contracts was consequently given to the British firm.

### VIII

ANOTHER MEANS of promoting sales is the secret agent, who, through his intimate knowledge of government bureaus, can often arrange highly satisfactory contracts for his firm. These agents are usually astute men, blessed with the shrewdness of long diplomatic and commercial experience; what is more, they are able to draw on enormous funds to accomplish their ends, for their employers realize fully the necessity for casting forth bread on the waters. Because of the nature of their work, the agents shun the light of publicity, frequently with success. But now and again there is a slip, and the world is edified by a recital of the backstage maneuvers of the arms makers' hired men. The facts disclosed are relevant.

In Germany, for instance, occurred the discovery of one of Krupp's men, Brandt, a former artillery officer, who had been commissioned, at "a generous allowance," to bribe government officials for access to private state papers dealing with plans for national defense and sketches for constructions. Brandt was exposed by Karl Liebknecht and sentenced to four months in jail for bribery. Herr Eccius, Director of the Krupp works, was fined a mere 1,200 marks for abetting Brandt.

In Japan, the secret agent was Rear-Admiral Fujii, who was sent to England for the purpose of acquiring estimates and specifications on armaments, for Japan, from Vickers, Armstrong, and other British firms. So adept was this officer and so influential in his home-

land that he was bribed by the Vickers works at Barrow, by the Yarrow Shipbuilding Yard, by Arrol and Company, and by Weir and Company; evidence of further promised bribes by Siemens Brothers of London was discovered during the court investigation of this case.

Most picturesque and powerful of the magnates in the arms industry is Sir Basil Zaharoff, who rose from a penniless adventurer in Athens to become a confidant of statesmen, owner of newspapers, and "master of the combined armament industries of the Entente." It was Zaharoff who sold the first submarine to his native Greece, thereby stirring up fears among the Turks, who forthwith bought two submarines. It was Zaharoff who managed the Putiloff affair for Vickers and brought together the two most powerful arms firms in Great Britain, Vickers and Armstrong. This feat he accomplished, it seems, by obtaining "secret influence over the British Government and the Bank of England," so that he was able to force Armstrong into this merger by preventing loans to the firm.

### IX

IT is difficult in America to obtain stockholders' names; but when we turn to Great Britain, where such information is more readily available, we find a startling situation. Representative Tavenner showed that, in 1915, stockholders in Armstrong-Whitworth included sixty noblemen, their wives, sons, or daughters; fifteen baronets; twenty knights; eight M.P.'s; twenty military and naval officers; and eight journalists. On the list of Vickers appeared the names of the Bishops of Chester, Newcastle, Adelaide, Newport, and Hexham; Dean Inge; Baron Kennaird; and Sir Walter Runciman, Chairman of the British Board of Trade. Among those affiliated in one way or another with British armament firms have been the late Sir Arthur Trevor Dawson; Sir Basil Mayhew; Sir Henry Grayson; Wing Commander Louis Greig; the Rt. Hon. J. Downe; the Duchess of Grafton; Major G. Lloyd George; Sir Charles Wakefield, ex-Lord Mayor of London; Sir John Simon; the Rt. Hon. Neville Chamberlain; Sir Austen Chamberlain; Lord Hailsham; the Rt. Hon. Sir John Gilmour; Earl Dysart (holder of 40,000 shares in Vickers); and Lord

Plunder. This does not exhaust the list of noblemen and members of the British Government who own shares in or are otherwise connected with arms companies. Some of the names are immediately recognizable as belonging to men who have held very high offices in the government of their country. Mr. Philip Snowden drily summarized the matter in Parliament, when he remarked: "Indeed, it would be impossible to throw a stone on the benches opposite without hitting a Member who is a shareholder in one or another of these firms."

There is no reason to suppose things different in America. The Graham Report established that members of the advisory committee on copper co-operating with the Council of National Defense were "deeply interested in the copper industry and in the success of various properties owned or controlled in part by them." Thus, on the committee appointed by Bernard N. Baruch were John D. Ryan (Anaconda Copper), W. A. Clark (United Verde Mining and Magna Copper), Murry M. Guggenheim (Chile Copper and Guggenheim Copper), James McClean (Vice-President of Phelps-Dodge and Director of Greene-Canaana), Charles MacNeill (Utah Copper), and Stephen Birch.

## X

THE ARMS firms take care to secure their future profits. In the United States, under the Adjustable Price Contract, drawn up by the War Department in 1924, war-material firms were generously allowed "normal" profits plus costs of production, costs and profits to be fixed on declaration of war. By the terms of several thousand contracts between these firms and the government, capacity production is also assured. This happy prospect of large profits, it is clear, does not tend to diminish the propagandist and provocative activities of the war industries.

And when we examine the magnitude of the profits made by the arms ring, we can easily understand how great a menace to peace are such contracts. We find that shareholders in Bethlehem Steel received in 1917 a dividend of 200 per cent on Class B common stock, while the total income of the corporation rose from \$9,000,000 in 1914 to \$57,000,000 four years later. The Hercules Powder Company, of Dela-

ware, increased its dividends from 8 per cent in 1914 to 95 per cent in 1916; in 1922, this company declared a stock dividend of 100. The Anaconda Copper Company, from a deficit in 1914, came out in 1916 with a surplus of \$33,000,000. In the three years before the World War the United States Steel Corporation earned \$180,000,000, but from 1916 through 1918 this organization made \$633,000,000, a profit, as was disclosed by governmental investigation of alleged excess war-time gains, of more than 50 per cent. Foreign arms firms fared as well. Schneider-Creusot declared a dividend of 120 in 1918. A brief history of the dividends of Skoda shows that peace hath its profits, not much smaller than wars: 1920, 5 per cent; 1921, 8½ per cent; 1922-3, 10 per cent; 1924, 12½ per cent; 1925, 13¾ per cent; 1926, 15¾ per cent; 1927, 17½ per cent; 1928, 21¾ per cent; 1929-30, 28½ per cent.

How such huge profits are made becomes understandable when we examine the discrepancy between cost and selling price of war commodities. The Du Pont Company, for example, between 1905 and 1915, sold to the United States \$25,000,000 worth of powder, ranging in price from 53 cents to 80 cents a pound; such powder, government experiments showed, could be made for 36 cents a pound, even in small quantities. The War Department bought, in 1913, 7,000 4.7-inch shrapnel, at \$25.26. Yet at the government-owned Frankford arsenal, identical shrapnel was being made for \$15.45. Armor plate was purchased immediately before the war from Bethlehem, Midvale, and Carnegie, at an average price of \$440 a ton — although official estimates had put a fair price of \$247 a ton on this necessity. In England, up to the spring of 1916, certain kinds of cordite, a smokeless powder, had cost the government 2s.3d. a pound; when the Costings Commission had investigated the matter to report a dividend of over 105 per cent on capital, the price of this commodity was lowered to 1s.7¾d. a pound. On this material alone, England thereafter saved £3,900,000 yearly. This list could be considerably lengthened.

## XI

IT FOLLOWS from what has been shown of the power and intricate methods of the war industries that these vested interests are a

great obstacle in the path of all efforts to bring lasting disarmament and peace to the world. But how can this obstacle be removed?

Most people who have studied the matter will agree that disarmament conferences have thus far proved helpless to avert destructive wars, as have other pacts and solemn vows. These conferences are brought to ruin on the rocks of national distrust, fear, and greed. The quibbling and bargaining, the cries for "security," the imperialism and selfishness, the Shearers and Zaharoffs behind the scenes, the presence of pronounced militarists as supposedly pacific delegates, all darken the failures of disarmament meetings. In the eight years between the first and second Hague Conferences, according to Benjamin H. Williams (in *The United States and Disarmament*), the armaments budgets of the principal countries were raised 27½ per cent, and two important wars were fought. When the time for the third Hague meeting arrived, the nations were already at war.

Nor has the League of Nations done much to prevent major strife, despite the pledges in its covenant, as Japan's imperialist operations in China convincingly demonstrate. The Lytton Report has turned out about as effective as paper reproaches usually do; and the League's attempt to curb war-material traffic by publicizing relations between governments and private manufacturers failed, because the great powers, although by accepting the Covenant they had agreed that private manufacture of arms is "open to grave objections," refused to do anything about the situation. In 1926, a questionnaire was sent by the League's Commission to various member states. The first question was, "What are the nature and extent of the 'grave objections' of a national or international character to the private manufacture of arms and ammunition and of implements of war?" Great Britain, home of two of the leading arms combines of the world, calmly killed the inquiry by replying:

"So far as this country is concerned, the British Government are not aware of any 'grave objections' of a national character. As regards objections of an international character, the British Government do not know of any that are peculiar to private manufacture."

Various suggestions have been made to cope

with the problem. One of these is the arms embargo. The advantages of this measure seem to be that, (1) if universally applied, it could do much to end a war between nations not blessed with adequate arms plants of their own and, (2) if used as a preventive, it could probably deter small nations, like those which have been fighting in South America, from entering wars. Unfortunately, the difficulties are numerous and grave. In the first place, an arms embargo would have to be international to be effective. In the second place, great powers would not be much affected by it, for they have their own arms plants and could easily import the raw materials needed to make war supplies. In the third place, the process of laying an embargo is fraught with the gravest danger of war. Fourthly, rigid enforcement would be an almost insurmountable problem in itself, more difficult than prohibition enforcement. For not only could war materials in finished form be bootlegged, as they indeed currently are, but the raw materials could easily be shipped as ordinary peacetime supplies.

A good case can be made out for nationalization of armament manufacture, as Representative Tavenner and others have often pointed out. There would probably continue to exist a measure of graft; but surely this could scarcely approach the flood tide of war profiteering, with its profits running into the hundreds and thousands of per cent on capital. Propagandist agitation, with its stirring up of racial and national fears and hatred, would be done away with. The unrestricted sale for profit to other countries would be ended. Waste, too, could be greatly reduced. It can be argued with considerable reason that a government fit to run the mails, banks, and the army and navy is fit also to own and operate for itself those equally important instruments of defense, the factories that make war materials. It seems enough that a world calling itself civilized should suffer the wholesale carnage of modern warfare, without putting a handsome premium on the labors of those who supply the machinery of death. As for the proposal made by the U. S. S. R. to disarm the world entirely and at once, it was treated by the envoys of the great powers, in conclave assembled, as Utopian and quixotic, even humorous. That vision, it seems, must await the sun of the future.

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# AN UNBELIEVER GOES TO CHURCH

BY NORMAN HAPGOOD

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“**W**HAT IS this,” asked the Professor (he is my friend from long ago) — “what is this I hear about your being an active member of a church? What has happened to you?”

They questioned me all that evening, he and the others, because to them it was not clear how a person who had never been a mystic, who had always been modern, critical, ready with an epigram against respectable defenses, could be an actual participant in a house of worship.

“I am worse than a participant,” said I; “you behold a pillar, nothing less, of the Unitarian Church, in Petersham, Massachusetts.”

Then I explained, bit by bit, through the evening, but, even at the end, those who had known me best were not consoled. They thought something must be the matter. I had not remained boldly true. Some softness had set in, or queerness begun to grow.

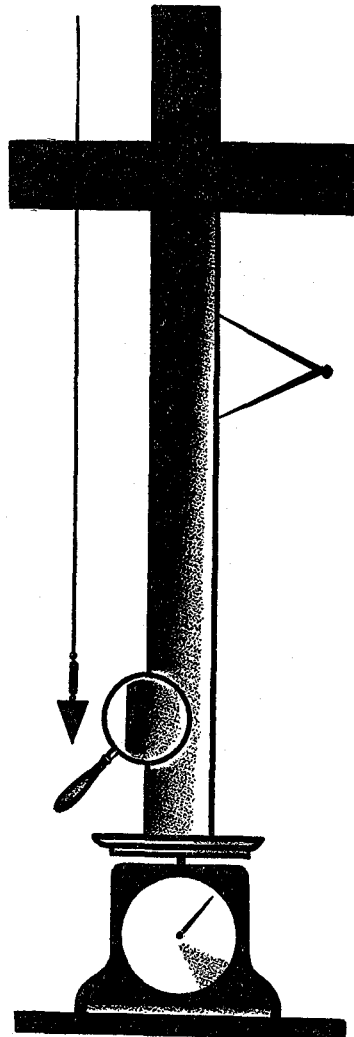
In my extreme youth I had enjoyed Bob Ingersoll. At Harvard I belonged to a small club of which the patron saint was Omar Khayyam, and was so skeptical that both Professor William James and Professor Josiah Royce warned me that I ought to be less destructive in my thinking, more affirmative.

Religion, to be sure, had interested me, but only from the outside. I had read the Bible early, both the King James version and the revised. At college I had gone to morning prayers more often than my friends and

also to vespers and to the Sunday evening services, but all these experiences were aesthetic and intellectual. The St. James version gave me great folklore, probably the greatest, and in English written in the most glorious era of the tongue; ethics illuminated by the most moving life in history and illustrated by parables of genius and by scenes near to the heart of man. The preachers who came to the University, with Phillips Brooks at their head, could talk to us almost with the power of William James himself; and he and they alike were talking

about the life of man. As to the texts from which they spoke and the passages they read or we read responsively together — had there been a vast and able organization so to make use of Shakspeare, I should have been in attendance also there, and indeed more surely, for the absence of religion in that poet has seemed to make him closer to me.

My friends also brushed aside the tales I told them of my interest, for some years, in the Salvation Army, and they rightly reduced that interest to curiosity, adventure, and the romance of ardent young females in a bold charge against the devil. Indeed, during our argument, I admitted that when the most charming of these girl preachers, her attention attracted by my repeated presence, asked me if I were a believer, I baffled her completely and reduced her to silence by replying that I believed in her religion as I did in poetry and in the wind among the trees.



So I cannot evade the doubt of my consistency or of my truth to what in me is most vigorous and characteristic, by elaborating the theme that contact with religion is part of culture, a branch of education in history and philosophy. For, all of my life until a few years ago, I fed those tastes without taking the step, that to my friends seemed a long one, of becoming one of the active, responsible members of a church.

It is, to be sure, a Unitarian church, which does make a difference, although the difference is less than might be guessed. There is no doctrinal test of membership, merely a welcome to all who wish to worship there. Making this point, however, early in our discussion, I felt that it would not be honest to put on it any persistent stress, since the amazement of my friends was not at a doctrine, but at a willingness to be part of an organized religious force.

What I did say was that as a practical problem in living, rather than as mere theory in a vacuum, the question of joining an orthodox church would not arise, since membership in such a church is not open to those whose beliefs are those which I hold and proclaim. To me, to take an example, the garden of Eden, as an allegory, is the exact opposite of the truth; the phrase, "conceived in sin," is almost as detestable as the doctrine of eternal damnation; whereas, on the contrary, I have nothing against such symbols as the trinity or any other attempt to analyze the infinite, so long as it does not promote what seems to me a mental attitude harmful to the dignity and truth, happiness and progress of the human race.

However, take a situation purely imaginary. Suppose that, instead of an old and small village in New England, with a dominating element of enlightened culture, my problem had been with Pornic, in France, or with Majorca, off the coast of Spain — two charming places of my experience, in one of which the only meetinghouse is a small Catholic church and in the other a glorious cathedral with a most moving service and an impressive gathering of the people. Imagine me spending my life in either of those places, not with foreigners, but intimately with natives: the services would find me often present; but however thoroughly I might seek to be one with the community,

I could not belong to their church, since to do so would mean accepting doctrines that not only do not represent the world for me, but that do actually conflict with principles that are essential to me. On the contrary, if there were in my village a church representing the more liberal wing of the Friends, I know at present, without study, no reason why it might not harmonize with my life, if it focused as valuable elements in the community as the Unitarian Church actually does focus in my environment.

And that last statement carries me to the story of how my wife and I actually came to join. Partly it is a tale of the simple life, of the outlook of a small unit; for it would not have come to pass amid the pressure, confusion, overcrowding of New York, where calm is difficult, action excessive, and neighborhood nothing.

## II

**T**HIRTEEN years ago, our literal connection with the village began; but our closeness to the life came with unusual quickness, owing to the fact that my father was born here, and that the first Hapgoods came nearly two hundred years ago, so that we did not begin as outsiders. For a short time there was a Baptist church, but it is closed. The Catholic church is recent, small, and, in the main, supported by elements that have not been in the principal currents of the community life. At the time of settlement two hundred years ago, the Unitarian sect was predominant, and this fact was reflected in the first house of worship. Presently, there was a split, the more orthodox minority building a church of its own, the Congregational, but the Unitarian remaining up to now altogether the larger, richer, more influential, and more alert.

At the time of our arrival, the minister had made himself the center of what was morally best and intellectually most sane. Unaggressive and tactful, but radical, both his sermons and his personality were acceptable in a high degree alike to revolutionary spirits and to the politically and socially conservative. Here as elsewhere, flaming youth offers its difficulties, and some of these difficulties were brought to the surface by the dances, the suggestions of the dance music, and perhaps by the bands hired

from outside. The minister, knowing his community, suggested, without any reference to moral considerations, that the expense was needless, that surely there was enough talent here to form a band of our own: he taught every instrument and was himself the first leader, so that habits were formed that have persisted since his death, the band having in no way fallen from its standard. In a hundred unobtrusive ways he served and led the people.

One day I said to my wife something of this kind: "We have formed the habit of going regularly to the Unitarian church. It in no way contradicts our beliefs. We are both enthusiastic over the rôle it plays in the village, morally and intellectually. We are members of the governing body of the library. We are members of the historical society. We are interested in the school. At least as well as any of these, the church represents the elements here that make upward. Why do we not become members, instead of merely interested churchgoers?"

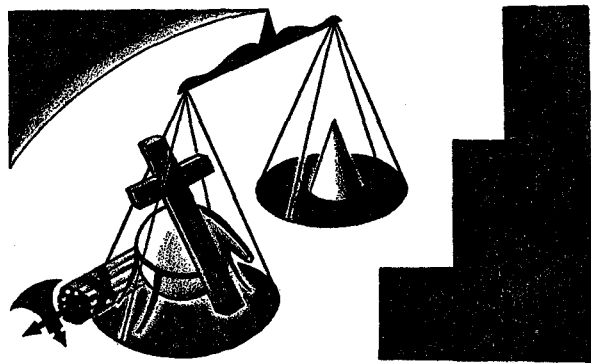
Her view was the same, and our names were written in the book. Time passed, and one day the minister asked her if the children had ever been christened. They never had; and the simple ceremony, pretty to look at, amiable in its ritual, naturally with nothing about conception in sin or similar remnants of a contrary outlook, was accomplished. Our fifteen-year-old girl is now the most ardent churchgoer in the family. The fourteen-year-old boy has shown no interest. The lad of six observed recently, in answer to a query, that he does not go to Sunday school because he does not wish to waste his time. All at the proper stage of development, it will be decided by them whether the current is to go along in our family through another generation or whether it represents a point of view that will not be justified by those who will soon be carrying the burden of decision.

### III

WHEN THIS point in the apologia had been reached, the principal questioner summed up: "I think I begin to understand partly how Norman could take a step that seemed so unlike him. He is a father, and feels the need of continuity, which suggestion of permanence is given to him as he sits in the pew where his

grandfather sat. He has a civic sense, and believes that the church in his village is a steady and even stimulating influence. His regular membership does not yet seem harmonious with his character, but it does begin to be explicable."

I think I smiled with an annoying patience at about this stage in the talk. "Of course," I replied, "the civic sense does come into it. Observation leads me to believe that a village without effective churches or an effective church is likely to suffer from the lack; more, probably, than it would suffer from the lack of a library. Also, I do wish my children to have contact, if they will accept it, with a force that has had much to do with the struggle of man upward and infinitely beyond all other creatures. But that is not the whole story, by any means. After these civic and parental considerations are taken into account, there re-



mains sheer personal satisfaction in a certain organized expression of spiritual reaching out. This you are free to call by the name of religion, if you like, although in my case, while it welcomes forms and fables as modes of expression, it ranks them with the sounds of Bach and the imagery of Lear."

It will be remembered by some readers of THE FORUM that Emerson, once a preacher, was unable to go along even as far as the Unitarian Church of his neighborhood went in certain religious symbols; and in his, to me, entrancing poem, *The Problem*, he declares that he likes a church and loves a prophet of the soul,

Yet not for all his faith can see  
Would I that cowlèd churchman be.

Emerson's faith is so near to that of the church of the scientific mind of the future, as I guess it, that we may take space to recall the

kind of sense of mystery on which his religion was built:

Know'st thou what wove yon woodbird's nest  
Of leaves, and feathers from her breast?  
Or how the fish outbuilt her shell,  
Painting with morn each annual cell?  
Or how the sacred pine-tree adds  
To her old leaves new myriads?

Those the questions; and, in the aspiring and imaginative brain of man, the answer:

The word unto the prophet spoken  
Was writ on tables yet unbroken;  
The word by seers or sibyls told,  
In groves of oak, or fanes of gold,  
Still floats upon the morning wind,  
Still whispers to the willing mind.  
One accent of the Holy Ghost  
The heedless world hath never lost.

May we not be sure, had we now an Emerson, that he would, as he saw the atom enlarged into a universe; astronomy reaching out by measurements of distances to be indicated only by the centuries in which the light has traveled to us; and, on his petty earth, little man hearing across the ocean and studying the cosmic ray — may we not be sure that he would still feel the need of a religion or a reaching toward the oversoul? Was it not this need that Newton felt as he accepted a church, many of whose literal gropings he had so large a part in shattering to bits? What did he mean when he ventured the guess that the astronomy that took its standard form from him might be found by the future to have been too exclusively mathematical? Does he not come near to Emerson's poem in the famous story in which he compares what science knows to a few pretty pebbles selected on the beach — a tiny bit of the whole?

It may well be — I rather think it will be — that when civilization has reached its apex there will be no church that successfully undertakes to control the beliefs or dictate the acts of man. That conception of religion has been dying, among the intelligent, since the invention of printing, and with extreme rapidity since the movement summed up in *The Origin of Species*. No Galileo of the future will need to argue with a church over any discovery of the telescope or microscope. When an unbeliever in certain fables or symbols nevertheless desires a church, it is with no desire or intent to have that church control his speculations,

but rather to have it a center where he and others like-minded to some degree may look together at the infinite, that seems to become daily more infinite and mysterious, and ask of themselves what light and what impulse they may borrow from it for their own ascension.

#### IV

DURING THE recent exposition at Chicago, I had occasion to make a speech before the Fellowship of Faiths, an organization designed to bring together the religions of many lands. The Buddhist says, "May all things be happy. I go to the Buddha for refuge." The Christian says, "Thy Kingdom come." The Confucian, "Oh, revere! Oh, revere!" The Hindu, "Let us meditate upon the adorable glory of the Divine Vivifier." The Moham-medan, "All honor be to God, the Lord of all the worlds." The Shinto, "All ye men who dwell under heaven, regard all beings as your brothers and sisters." The Sikh, "The One Supreme Being, whose name is Eternal Truth." The Tao, "To know the Eternal is enlightenment. The Supreme Tao is the asylum of all things, the good man's treasure, the bad man's last resort." I found myself as well represented by these echoes as by the ritual accepted in the poetry of George Santayana:

I love the pious candle-light,  
The boys' fresh voices, void of thought,  
The woman's eager, inward sight  
Of what in vain her heart had sought.

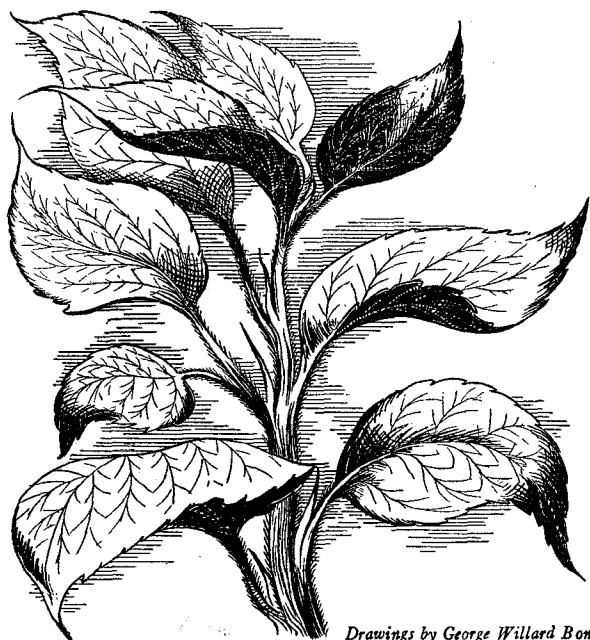
It seems to me absurd to imagine that growing knowledge of material forces has any bearing on this reaching out, this coming together to feel beyond ourselves, deeper into ourselves. If for six days I am endeavoring to analyze appearances with my brain and earn bodily sustenance with my pen, why, on the seventh, at the cost of half the time required to see a motion picture or the time needed by a woman for a shampoo, should I not rejoice to be one of a group of beings living fleetingly on the highest plane of which our spirits are able to conceive? In current dialect, release and escape are favored words: what better than a weekly release from overlabored customary details? What better escape than, with the aid of ritual, psalm, and common purpose, to give some exercise to the age-long endeavor toward sympathy with what is larger than ourselves?

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# RAMIE: KING COTTON'S RIVAL

BY JOHN LANGDON-DAVIES

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**I**T IS UNFORTUNATE that the collapse of Technocracy under the strain of stupid publicity and overstatement has buried beneath its ruins several fascinating questions of first-rate importance. For example, I never buy a nickel packet of razor blades from an unemployed man on New York's Sixth Avenue, without wondering about that blade, which could be produced here and now and sold for thirty cents, and last a lifetime. And what of ramie, "the brand new industry . . . which threatens to capsize the whole standing textile investment," according to Stuart Chase?

You must have read about ramie: "It can be planted and cultivated easily; and on land that would raise one hundred and fifty pounds of cotton, fifteen hundred pounds of ramie could be grown. From this raw material can be made clothing of remarkable wearing capacity . . . seven times stronger than wool . . . cheaper than wood pulp." I quote from the *Technocrats' Magazine*, first and last number.

Or you may have read in the *New Outlook*: "If the comparatively new fibrous nettle plant, ramie, is introduced to industry (and eventually it will be) the entire wood-pulp, silk, wool, and cotton industries would be very seriously affected. Ramie has a 22-inch fiber. . . . Here is a fiber far superior to cotton or wool. . . . How soon will ramie enter the scene?"

Now if all this is true, I want my ramie shirt, I want my ramie suit, and I want to know when King Cotton is going to be forced to bow before Jahve Ramie. The Technocrats rather give the impression that it will be this fall, and accompanied by starvation and revolution throughout the cotton belt; so that all the wars of the Shirts — Black, Brown, Red, and Blue — will be as nothing to the war that is bound to come soon between the cotton and the ramie shirts. And so I have made some little research into the technical papers about ramie, more than twenty in number, published between 1892 and 1932, in order to discover, if possible, the truth.

## RAMIE, YEA AND NAY

**O**NE'S FIRST impression is likely to be that half the papers have been inspired by cotton interests and half by people who are financing new ramie-processing machines; for it would be hard to discover a political question on which opinion is so completely divided into the "yea" and "nay" lobbies.

In Egypt, the ramie experimental stations showed vast profits, greater than for any other crop; in Indo-China, equally well-equipped scientific folk proved that scarcely any profit at all was possible. According to one paper, ramie is used in France for making everything from bank notes to hospital bandages, from hotel tablecloths to lace curtains, from parachute cords to asbestos brake linings; but another writer, a Frenchman, said that it was very un-

likely that the ramie industry would amount to anything much in any French colony. According to the *Textile Colorist*, ramie fiber is better in every way than cotton fiber; but according to a United States official publication, it is in many ways not so good.

#### THE HISTORY OF RAMIE

**B**UT WHAT is ramie? It is a species of stingless nettle which grows several feet high, has from three to five crops a year, is a native of China, and has also been cultivated in a small way in other parts of the world.

It is no new discovery — far from it. Egyptian mummies were often wrapped in it thousands of years ago, and it was the staple textile crop of China until 1300 A.D., when it was routed by the coming of cotton, of all things. So that if it is true, as so good an authority as Stuart Chase has stated, that ramie threatens to capsize “the whole standing textile investment,” then it will be only a reversal of something that happened some six centuries ago. Rather like the question of Alsace-Lorraine!

Nor is this the first time that ramie has tried to stage a come-back at the expense of cotton. In the course of the last century, textile experts were beginning to turn their attention in its direction, when Mr. Mercer gave cotton a new life by discovering how to mercerize it. And ramie was forgotten again, or rather it remained a relatively unimportant crop, used in parts of the world where labor was cheap and hand processes were able to hold their own against the machine.

In China, its home, it is grown in little plots around the peasant huts, and the families gather it and transform it into cloth by hand. It is true that it has excellent long fibers, not so long as some Technocrats said, but still very much longer than the cotton fiber. It is, moreover, twice as thick as flax, and its strength is eight times that of cotton, nearly eight times that of silk, and four times that of flax. The thread which can be made of it resists a strain of 15 pounds, compared with 6.3 pounds in the case of a comparable thread of cotton.

As a raw material, therefore, there is a great deal to be said for ramie fiber. But this fiber is enclosed in a stem from which the bark must be stripped by hand; and then it must be freed from the gummy substances which cement the

separate strands together. It is in these processes that lie the real difficulties about the use of ramie. It is all very well for the passive Chinaman to sit all day pulling the stems apart, then drying the fibers by night before charcoal fires; but such methods can never make ramie a world crop. Granted that it can be cultivated as easily as cotton and that the actual yield of the same piece of ground is much greater — and opinions differ on both these points — unless machines can be invented to decorticate it and degum it, the machine age will be no more interested in it than it is in the fast-dying peasant industries the world over.

In 1869 the government of India offered a prize for a satisfactory decortivating machine, but after two unsuccessful trials the offer had to be withdrawn. In 1888 the French government experienced a similar disappointment. Meanwhile, experimenters had introduced it into America as early as 1855.

From then on there have been many attempts to find out how to decorticate it and degum it by machinery. The only way in which the latter could be done — by steeping it in mixtures containing sulphuric acid — wrecked the gum but unfortunately wrecked the fiber as well.

And there we have the position in a nutshell: ramie has undoubted advantages; but, so far, these cannot be used in our particular form of industrial civilization. If we were going to follow the Gandhi way out of our present economic tangle, then we could do worse than retire to any pleasant point south of Maryland and sit on the porch tearing ramie stems apart. The shirts that we should weave would be of brighter luster and better color; they would last longer; if we lived near the sea, we could use ramie fishing nets; and, as I have said, we could use ramie with added efficiency should we contemplate ascending to the stratosphere. For in so far as ramie is better than cotton, it is one of the many things that are, though peasants can enjoy them to the full, denied us in our highly advanced civilization.

But we shall not follow the Gandhi way: we shall continue to live in uneasy symbiosis with machines, not knowing for certain how far they are our slaves and how far our masters. And in this state one thing and one only will bring us ramie, and that is the invention of a

machine capable of efficiently getting rid of the gum. Since it is impossible to imagine mankind failing eventually to invent any machine that is profitable, that means that ramie will certainly come some day. The simple fact that a given area of ramie yields more than the same area of cotton is enough to insure this. A plant that can yield four crops a year, that need be planted only once every five to ten years, that is less particular as to rainfall and soil conditions, will obviously defeat cotton directly the right machines have been born.

Furthermore, it is just possible that the greatest technical obstacle has recently been removed; for a preliminary report of experiments carried out at Louisiana State University claims that a new method of degumming has been discovered: a process which can be carried out cheaply, leaving the fiber unharmed. Dilute ammonium hydroxide and sodium sulphite do the trick, and an acre of ramie is expected to yield a ton of the purified and unspoiled fiber. The process has already left academic circles and entered those of commerce under the name of the Universal Fiber Corporation. So that my ramie shirt seems to be actually on the way.

#### THE ECONOMIC EFFECTS OF RAMIE

**B**UT EVEN SO, the Technocrats are altogether wrong in the social and economic effects which they prophesy. Mass suicide in the cotton belt, the collapse of the present textile industry, millions unemployed and starving — why should any of these happen? New industries have a way of insinuating themselves without catastrophic effects. And in the very group of industries to which ramie belongs, we have had, without any disaster being caused, a new arrival of first-class magnitude within the last few years. In 1913 the world production of rayon was twenty-eight million pounds; in 1931 it was nearly five hundred million. Did this eat up the world production of cotton, silk, or wool? Consider the following figures:

|                | 1913 product in lbs. | 1931 product in lbs. |
|----------------|----------------------|----------------------|
| Rayon . . . .  | 28,250,000           | 479,716,000          |
| Silk . . . . . | 57,399,000           | 97,565,000           |
| Cotton . . . . | 26,259,000 (bales)   | 27,500,000 (bales)   |
| Wool . . . . . | 2,881,000,000        | 3,700,000,000        |

In the interval, rayon has increased twentyfold, but none of the other three has slipped back. They might have expanded more without

rayon, but that is very different from their having been ruined.

Now ramie is certainly less likely to dislocate the existing textile industry than rayon. For rayon is an industrial, factory process, using quite different material in quite different localities, employing far fewer men for a given measure of its product, and concentrating them in new geographical areas. Ramie, on the other hand, would be grown exactly where cotton is grown, and it would be processed in cotton factories reconditioned for the purpose. It would certainly be easier to make over existing cotton-factory apparatus for the purpose of ramie manufacture than it was to turn over peaceful factories to the making of munitions.

Obviously, the patent rights in cotton machinery would lose a great deal of their value, and the holders of patent rights for ramie machinery would make fortunes; but this could not assume the proportions of a major economic revolution. Whether or not my ramie suit would be allowed to last seven years is quite another question. Such longevity might well endanger an economic system wherein goods must wear out quickly if industry is to live, and one social result of the coming of ramie might well be that men's-clothes fashions would begin to alter as inevitably and as frequently as fashions in women's dress or in automobiles.

Moreover, the social and economic effects of the change would be slowed down by nature, which would insist on what Sidney Webb used to call "the inevitability of gradualness." The total annual output of ramie at present is not much more than thirty thousand tons. Its cost lies somewhere between that of cotton and linen. Clearly, the existing supplies of the raw material must be small, and any violent demand would send prices up so high that cotton would be safe. On the other hand, the supply of seeds or roots for propagation would not immediately be sufficient, and only a small number of cotton planters could be supplied with seed for the new crop at a reasonable price. True, once it could become established, it would carry all before it, but not more quickly than rayon has. Every adaptation for commercial purposes would need fresh experimentation, not excluding the process of persuading the general public that ramie was the rage.

It is of course true that a certain amount of

the experimentation has been done already, especially if some French reports are true. For there we find ramie used for lace, velvets, velours, plush, muslin, shirtings, table linen, sewing and crochet thread, hosiery, underwear, canvas, awnings, tents, beltings, high-pressure-steam packing, fire hose, twine, rope, fishing nets, airplane cloth, cordage for auto tires, waterproofing base, bank notes, bandages, lint, powder sacks, and parachute cordage; but the labor of making these commercially desired, instead of merely experimentally possible, would have to be begun all over again, after large-scale planting and harvesting and perfect processing were actually in being. And all this would take longer than, say, the change over from natural ice to refrigeration.

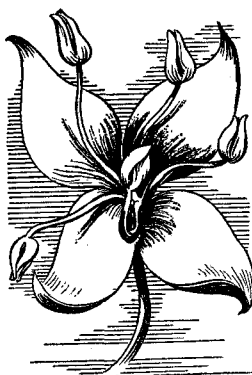
In the present stage of our economic evolution it is possible to imagine certain scientific discoveries of new raw material that would bring about profound social revolutions. Thus, the discovery of mineral oil in America was responsible for the decline of England and the rapid rise of America to the position of a creditor nation. The British civilization was built on coal, not merely geologically, but socially, also. It was coal that enabled a small island to maintain over forty million people at a relatively high standard of living, because coal could be bartered for the crops of Canada and the United States and the herds of the Argentine and Australia; and when coal ceased to be King Coal, with the coming of oil and hydroelectric power, England began to get into difficulties which will remain long after this world

depression is a matter of history. In the same way, rubber might alter things. If the experiments with substitute rubber-producing plants, in Russia and elsewhere, succeed, there will be another shifting of economic power, almost comparable to that which took place when King Coal was forced to abdicate. A substitute or synthetic rubber in its effects on the British Empire would be much more likely to bring about the independence of India than Gandhi's homespun-garment campaign.

But ramie is not among the future possibilities likely to bring about such changes as these. Indeed, as we have suggested, a ramie industry could insinuate itself into the social structure with a minimum of accompanying dislocation. And so far, we may say that the Technocrats in their search for flesh-creepers have been shinning up the wrong tree.

Not that science could not disrupt society as it exists far more completely than it did when oil or even electricity was added to civilization. If it became commercially possible to turn cellulose into sugar or starch, as it is certainly chemically possible, so that man's food would cost next to nothing at all, or if atomic energies were tapped commercially, as they have already been in the physical laboratory, so that man's controllable powers were increased a millionfold, communism itself would soon look old-fashioned. Or if science presented us with a mountain of pure gold, Heaven alone knows what would happen. We would probably bungle the new situation. Meanwhile, we need not be too nervous about ramie.

Next Month: "Ants and Man,"  
by John Langdon-Davies



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# BROWNSTONE FRONT

*A Short Story*

BY GUY GILPATRIC

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*Drawings by Donald McKay*

AT SEVEN O'CLOCK this morning a gang of Italians brought truckloads of boards and great square timbers which they piled in the street before the old brownstone house, and by lunch time they had built a canopy over the sidewalk. In the course of the afternoon they wrenched away the rusted tin cornices and cast-iron balustrades so pretentiously fashioned in the likeness of sculptured stone, and just at quitting time they took out the last window-pane. It was then that the house, which for so many years had seemed to be sleeping, suddenly seemed to be dead. From it came draughts which you could feel and smell and taste clear across the street — gentle but insistent breaths which made you think of things you could not quite get hold of. So many years had passed, so much had happened since those nights around election when the torchlight paraders stopped to cheer before the brownstone house and our neighborhood's Great Man bowed patricianly from the head of the sixteen steep-pitched steps!

There were never many brownstone fronts on our block, even in a day when brownstone was the fashion. I remember that once, when there was a question of having our own house

remodeled, my grandfather said that brownstone fronts were an architectural sham, like the false bosom of a waiter's shirt; and that no such crumbly mixture of mud and gingerbread should ever profane our façade of honest Hudson River brick. What Cornelius Van Schuyck chose to build — here my grandfather inclined his head toward the house across the street — what Cornelius Van Schuyck chose to build, to live behind, was Mr. Van Schuyck's own affair; but for his part. . . .

"Exactly!" my aunt had said. "A house built upon the sands shall perish"; and so shall one built of that nasty sandstone stuff. Oh, Lydia Chapman will live to damn the day she married him! Cornelius Van Schuyck, indeed!" And my aunt drummed her toe on the carpet, just as she always did when our neighbor's name was mentioned.

But there were many people in New York who considered Cornelius Van Schuyck a great man, and I suspect that their number included himself. It was whispered that the newel posts on his front steps were fitted with gas pipes, all in readiness for the day when twin pillar-lamps should grace them in exercise of the prerogative traditionally reserved unto His Honor, the Mayor of the City of New York. It was all most impressive, until you came to think it over; and then you sensed the flaws.

There was the name — Cornelius Van Schuyck. When first you heard it, you caught an echo of Peter Stuyvesant's wooden leg stumping across the cobbles toward the Bowling Green and you said to yourself, "Ah, a descendant of the Dutch patroons!" But when you had let it run through your mind awhile, you began to wonder if it wasn't just a little too good to be true.

"Van Schuyck!" and my aunt's toe would go to tapping. "Oh, that precious 'Van' of his! Well, it was a long time ago, and I can't be sure

anyway, but I do just wonder if boozy old Buck Schuyck was his father or only his uncle. Plain Buck Schuyck, mark you — no Vans about him! Kept a livery stable just off University Place and used to sit outside on a soap-box, spitting tobacco on the sidewalk until we ladies in hoopskirts were actually forced to cross over. Your Uncle Jefferson had the policeman speak to him about it three times and finally had to horsewhip him himself. — Patroon? H'mph! — Old Knickerbocker? F-f-f!"

Though my aunt was vehement in impeaching Van Schuyck's origin, her facts — if they were facts — seemed vague. My grandfather was more definite in explaining our neighbor's present status.

"Van Schuyck," he said, "is Tammany's Tame Gentleman, their stuffed peacock, their show-piece. They haven't forgotten Tweed, down there on Fourteenth Street, and they know that the public hasn't forgotten him. It'll be some time yet before they can live the Tweed Ring down, but meanwhile they're making this two-cent Bayard their ambassador to decent society, their glad-hander, their — their respectable brownstone front. Maybe we'll see Mayor's lamps on those steps yet!"

"Yes, cut-glass ones!" said my aunt.

## II

THAT SPRING I was clerking for my grandfather in his offices on Pine Street in the old Temple Bar Building, a gloomy edifice with sand-filled spit-boxes in the corridors and an open-work elevator, the starting cable of which was jerked by an elderly Negro ex-slave. Two floors below us were Latimer, Van Schuyck, Hawtree & Latimer, far and away the most prosperous law firm practicing in all that teeming warren of LL.D.'s. Although my fellow-clerks and I usually referred to the quartet as The Archangels, I do not recall Mr. Hawtree and the two Messrs. Latimer as having been much in evidence, possibly because their time was occupied with writing briefs for their exquisite, voluble, and silver-tongued colleague.

To outsiders it must have seemed that the very heavens rained important and profitable cases upon Suite 301, but the rest of us knew that the source was no higher than the Tammany Wigwam on the north side of Fourteenth

Street. Van Schuyck, we said, was a lucky man, according to his lights. He was married to the former Lydia Chapman, a charming woman of unquestioned breeding. He drove fine horses and knew one wine from another. His front steps were ready for Mayor's lamps. Clearly, he was on the way up.

And then one day he came to see my grandfather.

I remember the old gentleman's surprise when the office boy brought in his card. "Van Schuyck!" he muttered. "Van Schuyck! — Just ask Mr. Van Schuyck to make himself comfortable, and I'll see him in a minute." Then, turning to me: "Harry, what in the world do you suppose he's come to see us for?"

I didn't hazard a guess.

"H'm, well, look here, Harry." My grandfather lowered his voice. "I want you to sit behind that door in the other office and take down notes of everything he says."

I was unable to see Cornelius Van Schuyck, but from the tone of his voice I could picture his winning smile and his gracious, faintly pontifical air as he shook my grandfather's hand.

"Bouvier!" he cried. "Well, well, the excellent Bouvier, *doyen* of the Temple Bar Building! We ought to be ashamed of ourselves — yes, both of us, ha! ha! — for letting old associations slip the way we have. Neighbors, too! Ah well, we're busy men, you and I — busy men, Bouvier!"

"Yes," said my grandfather.

They chatted about this and that for perhaps ten minutes, Van Schuyck doing most of the talking and a great deal more laughing than the conversation seemed to me to justify. But suddenly he paused, and I knew that he was coming down to business.

"Bouvier," he said, taking a deep breath, like a man about to dive into cold water, "I'm in hell's own mess of trouble and I'm here to consult you professionally."

"Ah!" said my grandfather. "Well, Van Schuyck, I'm not sure I can help you. After all, there are cases of a certain type which. . . ."

"No, no, now wait!" Van Schuyck interrupted him. "This isn't connected with business or politics. It isn't the sort of thing I'd want my partners or usual associates to handle — no, by God, nor even to know about! It's

personal, Bouvier — deeply personal. This afternoon I'm leaving town for three weeks. There are some papers I want to leave in your charge. When I come back — if I come back — well, as a matter of fact, Bouvier, I want to get a divorce."

"Indeed," said my grandfather. "I'm sorry to hear this, Van Schuyck. My daughter often speaks of — well, I mean, when your wife was a young girl, my daughter was fond of her. Quite fond of her, I believe."

Van Schuyck blew his nose.

"Yes, oh yes," he said, bitterly. "Lydia lost a lot of friends when she married me. But I've always tried to make up for them, Bouvier! My career hasn't been altogether unsuccessful, you must admit. Until recently she never had anything to complain about. But now I've got to chuck poor Lydia overboard. Yes, chuck her overboard, Bouvier — without mincing words, that's what I've got to do! Call me every kind of skunk you want to; but the fact remains I'm in love with another woman."

"Who?"

"My — my wife's dressmaker. There, now I've said it and I'll say it again! I'm in love with my wife's dressmaker!"

There was an aching pause.

"And just who is your wife's dressmaker?" asked my grandfather in the tone I had once heard him use when cross-examining a murderer.

"Oh, she's nobody, of course. Absolutely nobody! I've told myself she's nobody a million times, but it doesn't make any difference. Oh, I've been going through hell for a year, Bouvier, don't make any mistake! The worst of the whole filthy business is that I haven't got nerve to shoot myself."

"H'm," said my grandfather. "Is this some kind of a sanitarium you're going to for the three weeks you said you'll be away?"

"No, but I hope it'll amount to the same thing. I'm going into the Maine woods to try to get my mind straightened out, do you see? Of course, I don't suppose I'll have the courage to blow my brains out, but if I do — well, Bouvier, when you get the telegram, open this envelope."

I could hear my grandfather's footsteps as he crossed the room and the squeak of the

little metal drawer in the safe.

"Then there's nothing to be done until you come back?"

"No. I'll see you three weeks from to-day. Of course I. . . ."

"Until July sixth, then," my grandfather interrupted him. "Please understand, Van Schuyck, that I'm handling this for your wife's sake — for the former Miss Lydia Chapman, an old friend of my daughter's. Depend upon it, whatever happens, I'll see that she'll be spared as much — humiliation — as possible."

I heard the door of the outer office close.

"All right, Harry," my grandfather called. "Coast's clear. Well," he nodded his head and very slowly tucked his bunch of keys into his waistcoat pocket, "well, Harry — the elegant brownstone front. Starting to crumble a little, eh?"

### III

WE HAD a hot summer that year. My aunt went down to Long Branch early, leaving my grandfather and me in town. Every night after dinner we sat out on the steps, talking and smoking until bedtime.

The brownstone house across the street was dark. We knew the reason but didn't speak of it.

One evening — I think it must have been about a week after Van Schuyck's visit — we saw Francis X. Mulvaney approaching grandly along the street, pausing from time to time to bestow pennies upon the children in a manner befitting his dignity as District Leader and friend-to-all-the-world. He was wearing a broad Panama and a mussed, white linen suit.

"Well, well, Judge Bouvier!" he hailed. "Ha're you, Judge? — And ah, there, Harry, how's the boy? Thought yez was probably coolin' off down in the country somewheres by now!"

"I wish we were, Frank," said my grandfather, who, like everybody else, enjoyed talking with the blarney-mouthed old scoundrel. "It's pretty hot, all right."

"Ain't it, though?" Francis X. Mulvaney removed his hat and commenced fanning himself with it, at the same time lolling on the balustrade and slowly mounting the steps. "Smoke a cigar, Judge! — Cigar, Harry! *Na Bocklish* — good old Irish brand!"



He sat down, lit his cigar with an odorous sulphur match, and mopped his brow with a blue bandanna. "Phew-a'mighty! I sure envy folks who c'n git out of town in this weather! —like I mean, well, just take our fancy friend across the street, there, huh? Why, I betcher right now he's drinkin' four-dollar champagan in his duck pants up at Newport, don't you s'pose?"

"Very likely," nodded my grandfather.

"Yair, he always treats himself pretty good, Cornie Van Schuyck does. — Seen him around lately, Judge?"

"M-m-no, no, I don't believe I have. You ought to know that he and I aren't exactly chums, Frank."

"Yair, sure, I know that, Judge; I was just wonderin', that was all." He leaned back silent for a moment, blowing smoke clouds and glancing uneasily in my direction. All at once, he spat mightily and sent his cigar rocketing in its own sparks clear to the center of the street. "Ach, be-jeez!" he sputtered. "They must of put hair and horse-hoof in that rope! Chuck yours away, Judge, don't smoke it! Harry'll go round to the Sheeny's and git us a couple of Henry Clays, won't yez, Harry?"

"Wait, Harry!" my grandfather restrained me. "Now look here, Frank; if you've got anything you want to say to me, say it in front of Harry. He's my clerk as well as my grandson and either way he's a damned sight too good to listen to you."

"Oh, why sure!" said Mulvaney, quite unruffled. "I've known Harry since he was

knee-high to a rubber nipple, ain't I, Harry? Harry's all right wit' me!"

He lowered his voice and leaned toward us.

"Now you gents know as well as I do it's about this guy across the street. You know what he stands for wit' the Organization down on Fourteenth. Only four months more and he'd be Mayor of this town — yes, sir — Tammany's Gentleman Mayor, and I'd like to see the outsider who could put their finger on a single thing he ever done that wasn't strickly accordin' to Hoyle, the Bible, the Social Register, and the Revised Statutes. Never a whisper, never a breath of scandal. But now, now, look what he's gone and done!"

"I'm listening," said my grandfather.

"And I'm goin' to tell you, though I know you know it already. Van Schuyck's gone and fell in love wit' that little Sheehan slut, that's what he's done. He's fixin wit' you about a divorce from his wife, who be-jeez she's the finest lady in town — yair, she's more'n half the cause of his bein' what he is, and the whole Tammany Wigwam knows it! If he goes through wit' this divorce, there'll be a hell of a scandal, and bang! there goes the next mayoralty and all the time and money we've spent in blowin' the big bladder up!"

"Go on," said my grandfather. "You're telling me lots I never heard before."

"Yair?" grinned Mulvaney. "Oh yair? I s'pose you never heard of Veronica Sheehan, either, hey Judge? — Well, maybe Van Schuyck didn't actually mention her name to you, at that. But I'll bet you've heard of Martin F. Sheehan, ain't you?"

"Why yes. He's one of your own band of forty thieves — your Grand Exalted Bandit in Charge of Dock, Longshore, and Harbor Graft, if I'm not mistaken."

"You ain't. And besides all that, just to keep you up-to-date, Marty's now the main squeeze of the Manhattan and Staten Island Steam Ferry Corporation, operatin' between Desbrosses Street and St. George and also ownin' a string of excursion boats which they let out for hire. He's got Van Schuyck mixed up to the neck in it. Oh, he's a tough boy, Marty is!"

Thoughtfully he fished another *Na Bocklish* from his breast pocket, bit the end off, and spat it over the balustrade into our area-way. "— Marty's — turrible — tough," he mum-

bled between puffs, and I remember that in the flare of the match his face looked like that of a skinned bulldog.

My grandfather stifled a yawn.

Mulvaney stirred uneasily upon his frayed, straw stoop-mat. "Judge," he said, "this part I'm comin' to is inside stuff — but did you ever hear that old Bible gag about 'a wheel within a wheel'? Well, that's what Tammany's sufferin' from right now — a wheel within a wheel. Up till the time poor Bill Tweed got sent away we was all as peaceful as pups in a basket, but since then there's been factions, feuds, and internal trouble. This guy Marty Sheehan is our main bellyache — our wheel within a wheel, git me? Controllin' all the votes he does and with the ballot-box stuffin' he can handle besides, he'd just as soon split off from Tammany to-morrer, marryin' his niece to the la-de-da Cornelius Van Schuyck and runnin' him for Mayor on an independent ticket. Van Schuyck is eatin' out of Marty's hand, on account of Veronica. He's gettin' mixed up in all kinds of raw grafts, the damn fool. He always kep' his nose clean, with us to watch him and tell him which fork to use, but now, my God, he sure is wallowing in the trough! See what I'm drivin' at?"

"Vaguely," said my grandfather, yawning again. "But what does this all lead up to?"

"To two things, Mister Bouvier," — the blarney was gone from Francis X. Mulvaney's voice and he was deadly earnest — "two things. First, if you'll give me your word, now, to stave off any and all divorce proceedin's until after Election, you'll find ten thousand dollars in yellowbacks underneath this mat I'm sittin' on, when I leave here to-night. Second, if you'll promise me to destroy that envelope Van Schuyck left wit' you the minute you hear he's dead, the ten thousand dollars will be joined by twenty-five thousand more. Thirty-five thou', think of it! Look, Judge, watch me careful — the neighbors can't see, but I'm slippin' it under the mat right now!"

I guess my grandfather was quite a citizen, at that. He tilted back his head, stretched his arms, and yawned long and loud. "— fine night," he remarked. "Plenty of stars, Frank. They say that there are people up there on the planet Mars. Well, if one of them should come down to earth and sit right there where you're

sitting this minute, I couldn't understand him and he couldn't understand me, no matter how long we talked."

Francis X. Mulvaney sat silent, thinking this over. At length he got the point.

"Judge Bouvier," he said, "I warned 'em in advance you'd be like this, but they said I had to try you anyway. Orders is orders. There's no hard feelin', I hope?"

"Lord, no!" chuckled my grandfather. "Drop around whenever you want to, but don't try to buy something that isn't for sale."

"Thanks, Judge," said Francis X. Mulvaney, starting down the steps. "After all, we've known each other twenty-five years, ain't we? But say," — he leaned up along the balustrade and whispered through his cupped hand. "When you git down to the office to-morrer you're liable to find that old tin safe of yours has kind o' busted out wit' nitroglycerine sickness, see? I'm leavin' two hundred simoleons under that there cushion to buy yourself a new one wit'."

We watched the broad, white back disappearing down the street. My grandfather moved Mulvaney's mat with his foot. Upon the stone step we saw four fifty-dollar treasury notes.

"Well, I guess they owe it to us," I said.

"Yes, the swine! Gather them up, and stack the cushions beside the hatrack. Put that one on top, Harry. I wonder what Mulvaney'd say if he knew he'd been sitting on Van Schuyck's envelope all evening."

#### IV

THE EVENING of July 4th was replete with rattle and bang and the salty-sweet smell of firecracker smoke.

"Well," I said, watching the kids who were touching off little mounds of red fire on the brownstone steps across the street, "I wonder if he'll really come back, day after to-morrow?"

"I'm certain he will," declared my grandfather. "Cornelius Van Schuyck's not gentleman enough to kill himself. He's not even man enough. He said so himself."

"Yes, but I was wondering if — somebody else might not put him out of the way. They must be pretty desperate, downtown — you saw what they did to our safe!"

"They wouldn't dare," said my grandfather.

"The reason they wouldn't dare is right under you this minute."

My hand dropped to the cushion's frayed edge. I pulled out a couple of the straws and twined them around my fingers. I heard my grandfather winding his watch with the little gold key on his chain, and the watchcase snap closed. Somewhere on the next block a cannon-cracker boomed. A string of Roman-candle balls floated up over the "L" tracks, *pbut! pbut! pbut!* From Ninth Avenue came distance-dimmed voices shouting an extra.

"Big fire, probably," said my grandfather. "It's a Glorious Fourth, if you're not in the insurance business."

We saw Francis X. Mulvaney hurrying down the street, newspaper in hand. Several people tried to stop him, but he brushed them aside. He stumbled up our steps, purple-faced and panting.

"Judge!" he said, "Looka here!"

Across the paper were great black headlines:  
1000 DIE AS STEAMER BURNS  
EXCURSION BOAT 'GARDEN STATE'  
SINKS IN LOWER BAY  
DEATH LIST GROWS AS BODIES DRIFT  
ON TIDE

My grandfather let the paper drop to his knees, and looked questioningly up at Mulvaney.

"There, damn him!" — the Leader snatched up the paper and drove his fist through it — "There's yer elegant Mister Double-Crossin' Van Schuyck! A thousand dead, damn him! A thousand people, most of 'em mothers and children. Hundreds of 'em right out of this neighborhood — burnt alive, drowned! And why? Because that cockroach across the street had to fall in love wit' a dirty little skirt, that's why!"

"— Wait a minute, Frank! You mean the *Garden State* was one of Marty Sheehan's boats?"

"Sure it was; only you betcher neck Marty'll git out of this jam all right! Van Schuyck's Chairman of the Board of the Steam Ferry Corporation, and he'll do the sweatin'! We tried to stop him goin' in wit' Marty, but oh, no! And I know for a fact that the life belts on some of them boats was full o' rotten sawdust, and the ropes of the lifeboats was so old and thick wit' paint that you couldn't lower 'em wit' a

steam derrick. And the boilers — oh my God — what boilers! . . ."

"Well," I said, "I don't believe he'll come back now!"

"— Come back?" snapped Mulvaney. "— Van Schuyck? Sure he'll come back! Veronica Sheehan'll git him back, don't you worry! If she doesn't, the whole damn Sheehan family'll go to jail. This is Sheehan's mess; Tammany's all clear of it, and we're gonna stay clear. We'll just simply stand out from under and let Van Schuyck stew in his own juice!"

"Poor Lydia Chapman!" said my grandfather.

V

EVERYTHING Van Schuyck owned went to pay the damage claims. There was some trouble about the title of the house, and so it has stood vacant until the end. For a while, my aunt kept in touch with Lydia Chapman Van Schuyck, but the poor, good woman wouldn't accept charity, however delicately it was offered, and made a frugal living baking chocolate cakes for the New York Exchange for Women's Work. When Van Schuyck came out of prison, we heard that she had joined him as though nothing had happened. Then they disappeared.

But perhaps "disappeared" isn't quite the word, at that. I was coming through East Twenty-Sixth Street one night some twenty years ago, when I saw an impressive personage approaching me along the sidewalk — impressive and vaguely, disturbingly, familiar. He wore a silk hat, and his fur-collared coat was thrown open to expose an area of starched dress-shirt bosom; his white mustache was waxed into points, his feet were shod in patent leather, and under his arm was a cane. He was the very picture of what the newspapers call an "aristocratic clubman" — a picture just a shade too good to be true.

As he passed me there was a click, a sudden flash, and a message appeared upon his shirt-front in glowing letters of light:

I'm On My Way

To

BERNSTEIN'S

Sanitary

TURKISH & RUSSIAN  
BATHS

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# HOW MUCH DO WE OWE OUR CHILDREN?

BY ALICIA O'REARDON OVERBECK

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I AM AN American woman, but for a great part of my life I have lived outside America. I have two children — a boy of sixteen and a girl of fourteen. During the years of my exile I have struggled always against becoming an expatriate, that indeterminate creature who has roots neither in her own country nor in the country of her adoption, and have sternly conducted the inner life of my family on what I thought to be current American principles — Early American principles I am afraid they would be called to-day.

A month ago, leading my offspring, I returned to my native land, bringing with me a definite and comfortable theory of what I owed my children and what they owed me. Now, at the end of a scant thirty days, I feel like the unfortunate and misunderstood Casabianca. I stand apparently alone on my burning deck, my own children in tumultuous flight and both modern American youth and modern American parents eying me with amused scorn. For my country has changed, changed with the almost terrifying speed that only my country is capable of, and my Early American principles are as outmoded as the straight-front corset or the pompadour.

Although my faith in these Early American principles and in their ultimate survival remains unshaken, I am afraid I should hardly be heroic enough to fight boldly for them, if it were not for my children. I don't want my children to fall victim to the modern push-button philosophy of life; I don't want them to lose their self-dependence or their inner resources. I do want them to keep at least some of the tough moral fiber they inherited from their pioneer ancestors — those austere, probably somewhat unpleasant, men and women who regarded work as a privilege, who had no least doubt as to what was honest and what was dishonest, and who faced death and

disaster with stoic calm. I don't want to fool my children into thinking that life is a sort of all-day sucker, sweet right through to the wood. I want to teach them to stand on their own two feet, to meet their obligations squarely, to face courageously the inevitable bitterness of life. For such knowledge, I truly believe, is the only open-sesame to real content and true happiness, and I base my belief on concrete observation — observation of both our American young and the young of many other nations.

Six of my foreign years were spent in small and isolated mining camps in South America. Each year we received into our fold a crop of boys fresh from college — nice boys, lovable boys, but, in nine cases out of ten, playboys. They could dance well, they were good at tennis, they could sing college songs and occasionally go so far as to tootle the sax; but they couldn't, and, furthermore, they wouldn't, work. In camp vernacular, they lacked guts. As they had been brought down on three-year contracts, however, and as their fares had cost the company considerable money, they had to be taught, not only to work, but to like it; for in the wilderness work was the only outlet, and where there was no joy in it, life was a total loss. So the seasoned miners took the kids in hand and housebroke them, and did it in a hurry; because every day in which a boy couldn't earn his board and keep, not to speak of his salary, was an added burden to mine overhead. Sometimes the lessons were painful; sometimes the teachers were harsh and unreasonable; sometimes — most times — the kids emerged men, independent and resourceful; sometimes — rare times — they broke their contracts and ran whimpering home. The point is that these lessons shouldn't have had to be learned from strangers by boys who had lost the easy pliability of early childhood.

They might have been learned in school, if our schools hadn't tried to make of education a sugar-coated pill, a painless, pre-digested dose. New Germany officially recognized the danger of this sweetening process by closing, last April, all Montessori schools. Education, declared Adolf Hitler — and for once I believe he was right — is not a game; it is a preparation, a novitiate. But if parents had been on the job in the first place, the shortcomings of the schools wouldn't have mattered so much, and those boys would have been saved a lot of bitterness and some sheer heart-break.

My years in Europe brought me in contact with young people of another type, young people this time who from the hour of birth had been up against life narrowed by war, cramped by race hatreds, and plucked bare by poverty. Jobs were scarce and competition keen, and they — these young Germans and Poles and Austrians — learning early the value and the rarity of the prize at stake, pulled in their belts and settled down to their tasks with gritted teeth. Six days of the week school starts at seven in summer and eight in winter; and by the time the children are ten, most of them are launched on two foreign languages and in some cases on Greek and Latin as well. When they arrive at university age, they are expected to have formulated definite ideas on ethics and politics. Before the Hitler régime, German students were supposed to announce their political affiliations on entering an institution, and in all European universities politics, rather than athletics, are the extra-curriculum interest. The question is whether these children, who have early been taught to think as well as to work, have not greater inner resources, greater ability to distill happiness for themselves, than children who have learned nothing more than to play.

I feel that they have; and here again I base my belief on experience, since for over three years my own children lived outwardly as Europeans and seemed to find nothing drab nor distasteful in the existence. I never heard them object to mounting their bicycles and riding off to school in the chill dawn of a winter morning. I never heard them describe as slow the endless conversations of their friends — solemn conversations about books and life and

politics. I never heard them complain about either the quantity or the quality of their amusements. A ski run, a bit of skating, a night spent in a mountain hut in order to get up in the dark for a view of a sunrise, a simple and, occasionally, a solitary walk through the countryside gave satisfaction. Home tea-parties or the opera or the very occasional movie, deemed fit by the law for those under eighteen, were high sport. My offspring, perhaps because they had no measure of comparison, found these pale delights sufficient. Indeed, they said in so many words that they were perfectly happy and that they thought it silly to leave such agreeable surroundings and go back to America.

"We must go," I explained to them. "Your father's an American, and I'm an American; and we don't want our children to grow up as foreigners. Besides, once you get home, you'll love it."

They do, but I'm not so sure about myself.

#### A PROPHECY

WE WERE three days out from Hamburg before I got an inkling that the family point of view was shifting. Polly, the daughter, questioned her German clothes, mentioned a permanent wave, and asked what shade of lipstick I thought would go with her complexion. Bob, the son, regretted that he had brought along his bike, on which he had boldly ridden from the southern tip of Germany to Hamburg, during those first, feverish days of the National Revolution, and spoke darkly of getting a license to drive an auto.

A rather disagreeable fellow-passenger gave me my next jolt.

"Nice pair of kids you've got," he said.

"Yes," I answered, with a possibly too-gusty enthusiasm, "they are nice."

"They won't stay that way long," he continued gloomily. "Give 'em a month and they'll be just like the rest. Too bad! The girl's pretty now with her pale hair and pale skin and pale lips — cool and restful. She'll look like Diamond Lil when she gets on the regulation war paint. Her body's good too. But she'll diet, when she sees the other girls, and slough down those smooth curves until she looks like a skeleton with a bustle on. And the boy'll forget all he knows about books and chess and politics."

He'll wisecrack and talk about automobiles. Our American young have ceased to be children, but, what is worse, they have ceased to grow up. They stand arrested in a borderland where play is the beginning and end of things. You wait and see."

I was furious at the time, but the month is up, and I am wondering.

#### WE COME HOME

WE SETTLED DOWN in our home town, and before a week was out I was stricken with the Casabianca complex; for here I was in the inner temple of the school that had bred my South American playboys, and I wanted — I wanted fiercely — to spare my children the ultimate pain to which I knew from experience this unbridled pleasuring would lay them open.

I talked the matter over with the friends of my youth — mothers now.

"Don't any of you teach your girls to cook or to sew or even to set a table properly?" I asked. The night before, my own girl had announced that she no longer wished to be a *hausfrau*, and I felt aggrieved.

"Darling, anyone could see you had just emerged from Germany. Children, Church, and Kitchen, you know!" My contemporary, Ida May, ground her cigarette out on the porch rail and chucked the butt into the shrubbery. I remembered Ida May distinctly as a rather snooty child who had sewed on her buttons and darned her stockings and gone to Sunday School with irritating alacrity. "Girls these days have too many other things on their minds to be bothered with housework. Give your Polly a couple more weeks and see what she has to say about it."

Suppressing the *hausfrau* incident, I persisted.

"Yes, but do you let them do everything they want to do? After all, your girls are only fifteen and sixteen. If you didn't let them, would they smoke all the time or paint their mouths as blazing red as they do?"

"Let them! I'd like to know what you are going to do about it? You can't hammer girls that age into obedience and you certainly can't wear yourself out nagging at them all the time. I'd be a wreck if I kept after Betty and Ann for all the crazy things they do. But there's nothing really wrong with them, and what I

say is for Heaven's sake let's allow them to enjoy themselves while they can. They'll have trouble enough later on."

But wouldn't they be able to stand trouble better if their moral fiber had been toughened by habits of obedience and restraint? I have always been a champion of freedom for the young as well as for the mature and I have probably given my own children more real freedom than most mothers. When they had developed queer, unorthodox theories on religion or ethics I had encouraged them to air their ideas in open forum and to grope their own way to a solution of their problems. When they wanted to climb mountains or, unescorted, ride their bicycles from Lausanne to Venice or twine themselves with Swastikas and march in Nazi parades, I hadn't interfered, even though I had secretly trembled. So long as any kind of social order persists, however, freedom can be bought only by obedience to the law — the law of the family, the law of the struggling mining camp, the law of the state — by obedience and acceptance of responsibility. And the trouble with the new American vintage is that parents have ceased to demand obedience and an acceptance of responsibility, and children have developed a cheerful indifference to any law and a fixed determination to shun any responsibility. They demand a lavish, untrammelled good time, but they don't want to earn their amusements; and, furthermore, they don't give a whoop who does earn them. They can dance or swim or play tennis indefinitely; but they grow weak and spineless when a bit of housework or a turn of gardening is mentioned and they positively faint at the thought of walking. My own son apparently lost the use of his legs on getting his driver's license.

"I'm taking the car out to-night, Muddy. You won't need it, will you?"

"I don't need it, but do you? Do you realize that you've driven over three hundred miles in the past four days without going anywhere in particular? And do you realize how much gas I've bought?"

"But what's a car for if you don't use it?"

"We bought it to save carfares and to get us to places where we had to go in a hurry. It's cost so much now that I can't get the delphinium and lilies I'd planned to set out in my garden."

"Aw, Mud, you don't understand. . . ."

"Why don't I understand? I was brought up in this very town, and so was your father; and we managed without a car. You got along all right in Germany, too, and you got to places and saw things on far less money than you spend just riding about here. Why, Bob, your eight-day trip from Freiburg to Hamburg only cost you twenty-five marks, and three of those marks you spent on a book. That's another thing I've got against all this silly playing. You seem to have stopped thinking, as well as walking. You haven't even opened your last copies of *Gringoire* and *Illustrierte Zeitung*!"

"What's the use of reading all that junk? Boys of my age don't bother about politics here — most of them haven't even heard of war debts and fascism and things like that. What you need here is a line — repartee, hot stuff. But about the car. All the fellers here cruise around at night in their parents' cars. I can have it — can t I?"

#### THE DAUGHTER PROBLEM

THE DAUGHTER, as well as the son, is learning her Modern American onions and finding them savory.

"We're going to the quarry for a swim to-morrow, Muddy. Jane is taking us in her car, so it'll only cost a quarter. Would you mind baking us a cake and frying us some chicken? Anna Lou's bringing sandwiches and deviled eggs, and Flo's bringing pickles and cigarettes; so I said I'd bring chicken and cake — three layers, Muddy, with chocolate frosting."

"Look here, Poll, I've got a story to finish between now and to-morrow morning. You learned to cook in Germany. Why don't you make your own cake and fry your own chicken?"

"I haven't time, Muddy. The crowd's going to the movies this afternoon."

"They are? What about the price? Do you realize this is your third expedition in a week? In Germany you used to get a mark a week for pocket money, and you made it do. You and Bob need so much small change here that I've had to cut out two of my magazine subscriptions already, and we've only been home a month."

"But, Muddy, you don't understand. What would twenty-five cents a week be here? Why,

all the girls have loads of pocket money, and I'm sure their parents aren't any richer than we are. You should hear them talk about the *crise*. Why, they give depression parties and everything."

#### BLAME THE PARENTS

TO BLAME our youth for their headlong quest of pleasure or for their magnificent disregard of ways and means is not only stupid but cruel; for the blame lies at our own doors — at the doors of parents who have miscalculated what they owe their children, who have given both too much and too little, who have demanded nothing, and who complain when they find themselves empty-handed.

The trouble runs back to those early post-war days when we — we who are of the class which is supposed to be the backbone of the nation and who are now the parents of adolescent children — emancipated ourselves from the sound, if stodgy, standards of American virtues; when we women cut off our hair and our skirts, learned to smoke and drink cocktails, and pretended to be offhand about sex; when our men joined country clubs, adopted golf and plus fours, polished up their dance steps, and made out they were pretty ribald fellows. In the gay twenties we underestimated the debt we owed our children — our new freedom kept us pretty well occupied. We turned our young over to nurses and pre-schools and summer camps — expensive nurses and schools and camps that bred fine, expensive tastes and robbed the children of their self-dependence. Now, in the sober thirties, with the wind taken out of our financial sails and our enthusiasm a bit diminished, many of us elders would like to head back to our old beliefs and our old simplicities; but leading our children with us is another and not so easy a matter. The morals and manners we adopted in maturity are in no way inherent in us; they are excrescences, as possible to lose as warts or superfluous hairs, though in some cases as painful. But these same morals and manners are the norm to our children. Changing them amounts to a major operation, and most of the parents of my acquaintance, a little overwhelmed by the clear-eyed, self-sufficient generation that grew up while they were busy with other things, are afraid to use the knife.

"It would be easy to economize," a friend told me, "if it wasn't for the children. We simply have to stay in this expensive neighborhood where all their friends live and we have to keep up a car; and then they have to have so many clothes and do so much entertaining."

"But why do they have to have so many things?" I asked. "Are they cripples or idiots, that they can't stand the gaff along with you?"

"My dear, you don't understand." (My understanding seems to be rather in the discard these days.) "Children aren't like they were when we were young. Do you remember how the crowd used to go trolley riding on summer evenings and think they were having a good time? My children can't even go downtown in the street cars — they say it upsets their stomachs. And the clothes we used to wear! Kits had four evening dresses last winter, and Jimmy was sixteen at Christmas, so of course he had to have a tux. It keeps our noses to the grindstone, but we don't dare cut down on their fun too much. There are so many terrible temptations for young people these days, and if we can't give them some pleasure at home they'll go outside to get it."

She nodded her head mysteriously, and I nodded back. I wondered if it had ever occurred to her that by handing to our children this miserable and somewhat belated crutch of

parental self-sacrifice we were hardly helping them to walk.

For shielding children from unhappiness the while we stuff them with pleasure isn't going to give them spiritual health, any more than shutting them in a tower and stuffing them with hot chocolate sundaes would give them physical health. Immunity is gained only by exposure. The other day I read an article by a clever physician. "The best guarantee to a long life is the ability to conquer infection," he wrote. "For if you live the life of the world, you will be exposed." I might paraphrase his words and say, "The best guarantee to a happy life is the ability to conquer unhappiness. For if you live the life of the world, you will be exposed."

So, in spite of my daughter's objection to setting the table and my son's objection to walking, in spite of the polite condemnation of my ancient friends, I still maintain that we parents owe our children a rounded knowledge of life — a knowledge of the respect due to others' freedom, of pleasure in toil, of the clear joy of mental activity, of the cool delight of self-dependence and occasional solitude, and, above everything, of the clean taste of positive honesty.

In such knowledge lies the measure of lasting happiness.

## THE SWAN

Over a meadow of glass  
(Dark rippled meadow!)  
I saw a white swan pass  
And her whiter shadow.

Like a shallop of snow, cloud-white,  
From the water lifting  
Beauty of burning light,  
The swan was drifting.

And I said, "O splendid swan,  
You are justification —  
Drifting in beauty on —  
For the world's creation!"

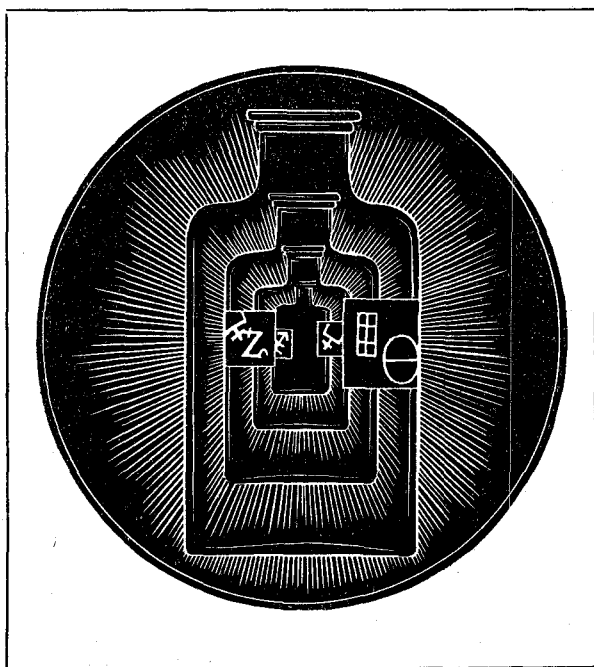
E. MERRILL ROOT

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# THE CASE AGAINST STATE MEDICINE

BY WINGATE M. JOHNSON

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**T**HE MAJORITY report of the Committee on the Costs of Medical Care, recently submitted after five years of preparation, was, in military language, a "dud." It is true that a few lay publications and a very few medical journals displayed a mild enthusiasm, but for the most part they either condemned or, worse still, ignored.

There are a number of reasons for this lukewarm reception, although the report had been backed to the tune of a million dollars by eight "foundations," each financed by one or more "big business men." Their idea was to apply to the practice of medicine the methods of mass production which were once apparently elsewhere so successful; but by the time the Committee had spent its money and issued its report, the big business man and his mass-production methods were alike so thoroughly discredited that no amount of ballyhoo could pump up any enthusiasm for their application

to the ancient and honorable profession of medicine.

One recommendation of the majority of the Committee was that medicine be organized in smaller towns around hospitals as nuclei, supervised by super-organizations in the larger cities; but the chain-store idea did not appeal to a public holding numerous shares of Montgomery-Ward, Sears-Roebuck, and A. and P. stocks that were daily declining in value. And the recommendation "that the costs of medical care be placed on a group-payment basis, through the use of insurance, through the use of taxation, or through the use of both of these methods" did not appeal to a public already staggering under a load of taxes too heavy to bear. And when it later developed that some of the same "philanthropists" so interested in shifting the responsibility for the health of their employees to a paternal government, rather than pay them decent wages, had themselves adroitly side-stepped their own taxes for a number of years, John Smith was still harder to interest in adding to the burden on his own back.

Perhaps the chief result of the Committee's report has been to focus attention more sharply than ever upon state medicine, which was virtually recommended by it. One member refused to sign the report because it did not specifically recommend state medicine to begin with; and in a recent *FORUM* he presented a very clear and forceful argument for the faith that is in him. Theoretically, much may be said for it. Everybody would have the privilege of consulting, without thought of the cost, the physician of his choice. On the other hand, every doctor would be assured of a fixed income. All the financial burden would be distributed in taxes and paid according to the ability of the taxpayers. (Recent investigations might amend this last sentence to read

"according to their skill in evading taxes.")

II

NOW LET US CONSIDER the arguments against state medicine. First, while its advocates draw a picture of the medical plight of the people that would draw iron tears down Pluto's cheek, the people themselves are not in such a bad way. Statistics are boring, but when the death rate in our own state has fallen from 12 per 1000 in 1923 to 9.6 in 1932 and when the average life has been lengthened about 15 years within this century, it is hard to see how the people are so sadly neglected. It is quite true that this life-lengthening is in the early years rather than the latter; but it is also true that the strenuous pace which our big business men set for themselves and their employees has much to do with the degenerative diseases that beset the elderly among us. If such men would learn to content themselves with less profits and would pay their workers living wages, both parties to the contract would benefit physically as well as spiritually. Pressing the point still further home, the Committee's report laid great stress upon the fact that the income of the average family was too low to enable it to have adequate medical care; but instead of recommending a concerted effort to have wage scales raised, advised that the burden be shifted to the backs of the taxpayers.

Furthermore, I question the accuracy of some of the premises from which the Committee drew its conclusions. One study included a survey made by the Metropolitan Insurance Company with the obvious intention of making the cost of medical care for the average family appear as large as possible. In their study the first six months of 1929 were used, and the families under survey reported to the visiting nurse the amount of their medical expenses. The figures thus obtained were multiplied by two and used as an annual average. As a matter of fact, however, the Metropolitan's own statistics show that this period included the highest influenza incidence for the whole five years. The resulting figures were obtained by an enterprising reporter for our daily paper, who applied them to our own county, stating under glaring headlines that the average income of the Forsyth County

physician was considerably more than \$12,000; whereas it is doubtful if a single physician in the county could boast that much. My secretary estimated that if the figures of the Committee held good, basing my income on the number of families on the active list and allowing a goodly share for the specialists, I was getting only a third of the amount due me.

But let us consider the individual case of the middle-class man or woman who is confronted with an emergency operation or illness and who has not the funds on hand with which to pay for it. No article advocating state medicine is complete without this case-report, in which the doctor is usually pictured as a sort of Shylock demanding his pound of financial flesh. Well, I know that if John Smith will tell his doctor frankly his circumstances and ask to be allowed to pay his bill in small installments, the doctor will gladly wait upon him. And I know, furthermore, that if John Smith has been depending for years upon one family doctor, who knows he pays according to his ability, that this doctor will not let him suffer for want of medical attention because of financial straits. Usually, too, the family doctor is apt to have influence enough with a surgeon or specialist to negotiate, if needed, an operation which can be paid for as convenient.

My firm belief is that the average doctor will be far more lenient in dealing with John Smith than will the tax collector.

State medicine would add so enormously to our tax burden that the groanings heard during the past few years would fade into insignificance beside the roars that would result from this added load. And does anyone think for a moment that with such a tremendous new source of revenue our politicians would keep their hands in their pockets? Not unless human nature changed overnight — and a rereading of the section on Democracy in Plato's *Republic* will convince the most skeptical that the political leopard has not changed his spots, in twenty-four centuries at least.

Our educational system is frequently cited as a parallel case. Granting for the sake of argument that it is — how many FORUM readers will concede its success? Certainly the article by Mr. James Metzenbaum in

the June FORUM on the school situation in Cleveland is not calculated to inspire confidence in the integrity of those who disburse the funds paid by taxpayers for education; and nobody believes that Cleveland is an isolated example. Those who want the taxpayers to assume the medical burden of the country should take warning from the rapidly mounting costs of our secondary-school system. In 1880 the cost to the taxpayers was \$5 per capita; in 1914, \$21.34; now the annual cost is close to \$100. Whether or not this is ever paid remains to be seen; but that we are failing to get our money's worth is certainly not to be debated. No less an authority than Ellery Sedgwick declares that "American education is a thing of trappings and appurtenances. Our schools are palaces and our colleges places to wonder at. But the teacher is not a leader, and the pre-eminence of the learned man is not unquestioned."

Certainly the physician who values his self-respect would hate to undergo the humiliation the average teacher must feel in cringing before her principal, or the principal before the superintendent, or the superintendent before the august body of politicians known as the school board. Yet if the physician's living depended upon pleasing a political superior, what else could be expected?

### III

STATE MEDICINE has already been tried in Europe. As is the case in most debatable questions, one may get opinions pro or con, according to the personal bias of the investigator or of the informer. This may account for the fact that most of the reports that have come to my ears and eyes have been unfavorable; but the fact that most of my information has been gleaned from medical journals which, in turn, have had their reports directly from doctors or from disinterested citizens, rather than from politicians and specialists in other people's business, should give it weight. A typical expression from a private physician is from Dr. Edwin Liek, of Danzig: "Social insurance is to-day organized to fill the feed trough of bureaucratic drones." Dr. Edward Ochsner, after a careful first-hand study of the situation, says, "Germany has had social insurance the longest and

has for a considerable time been on the verge of bankruptcy. While other facts are operative, we believe that the billion dollars which social insurance costs the nation every year is one of the chief reasons."

Evidently the Committee recognizes that the European experiments in the socialization of medicine have not been satisfactory, for it proposes to improve the situation by substituting group practice for individual doctors: "Many of the difficulties experienced . . . under European systems will be avoided, the Committee believes, if service is obtained from well-organized groups." Yet a survey just completed by the American Medical Association indicates that group practice is meeting with much opposition, both within and without its own membership, and that its popularity is declining.

It is, of course, wandering from our text to discuss group medicine, except for the Committee's statement that if it be substituted as the medical unit, rather than the individual practitioner, it would do away with the objections to the European systems and make state medicine work in America. As I have said in a previous article, those who would substitute group practice for the individual doctor base their contention upon two great fallacies: first, that the average patient needs an exhaustive examination to find out what is the matter with him; secondly, that modern medical science can solve all disease problems. The first fallacy is exploded by the generally admitted fact that a competent general practitioner is capable of caring for from eighty to ninety per cent of the patients who consult doctors. The second fallacy is demonstrated almost daily in all our great clinics. Any doctor in the country can supply case histories in abundance.

The group-practice trend of the Committee is understood when it is known that Mr. Edward A. Filene of Boston was largely responsible for its organization. Mr. Filene's ideas had already been set forth in a previous magazine article by Mr. Evans Clark, the director of his Twentieth Century Fund. This article suggested that "possibly the most fruitful arrangement would be a group composed of two-thirds of doctors and one-third of experienced executives, with perhaps an economist or

two thrown in." As a plain, blunt medical man, I cannot help wondering who would get the most fruit from such an arrangement — the doctors or the "experienced executives." Evidently doctors must be considered on a low plane mentally if it takes one business man to manage the affairs of two doctors — not to mention "an economist or two" thrown in! And yet we are supposed to believe that such an arrangement would enable medical service to be dispensed more cheaply! Of course the number of "experienced executives" and "economists" available is much larger now than a few years ago — but what recommendations could they furnish?

An inescapable conclusion is that the majority of those who advocate state medicine, like the majority of the Committee, do not regard the members of the medical profession as having sense enough to manage their own affairs. I am reminded of a doctor friend who, just out from an attack of influenza, was twitted by a banker for not knowing how to keep himself well. His patience already worn threadbare by frequent repetitions of this hoary joke, he replied: "If we doctors had made as big a mess of our job as you bankers have, I wouldn't have the nerve to criticize anybody else." Considering the mess the big business men, some of whom are sponsoring the work of the Committee, have allowed their own affairs to get into, it does seem in order for them to sweep up their own premises before giving their advice unasked to the profession that has suffered most grievously from the poor judgment of these same "experienced executives." Why should they be allowed to apply to the practice of medicine in America the same principles that have well-nigh wrecked the medical structure of other countries? As a brilliant medical editor said more than three years ago: "Ninety-five per cent of our population are better satisfied in their relations with their doctors than they are in their relations with their landlords, their grocers, their clothiers, their preachers, or the teachers of their children."

#### IV

**A**FTER ALL, the question of state medicine is bound up with the socialization of the state generally. With so many other pressing

public needs, why should the medical profession be singled out for attack? Does not the public need fuel and clothing and food? And are not the costs of these subject to great fluctuations, just as is the cost of its medical care? Why not, then, let us join Russia in her "noble experiment" of communism, and be done with it? There a doctor gets twelve dollars a month for working six hours a day: some of them double and work twelve hours a day for \$24 a month.

Already our people have been spoon-fed by the hand of the government until they have lost much of their independence. A long step toward the complete loss of self-respect and manhood would be taken if they were still further pauperized by having free medical service forced upon them.

It is almost impossible to overestimate the effect state medicine would have upon the doctor himself. It is recognized and admitted that some of the most brilliant discoveries and greatest medical triumphs have been achieved by medical men working for salaries in government laboratories or such semi-public institutions as the Rockefeller Institute. It is true, however, that the research worker is altogether different from the practitioner. The researcher does better work for having his living provided for him, leaving him a free mind to apply to his laboratory. The practitioner, on the other hand, is an individualist by nature and by training. He learns to rely on himself, and is cramped if forced to take orders from higher authority. It is true that the stress of competition in private practice may develop heart-burning jealousy between its members; but it has also brought forth their best efforts. And a much higher incentive than that of competition is the trust imposed in him by his families. To merit their confidence, the right sort of doctor will make almost any sacrifice.

Under state medicine, inevitably the old relation between doctor and patient would be destroyed. There could not be the same interest taken in his patients by a doctor working for the state as by one in private practice. In no other profession does the personal equation count for more than in medicine; and nothing would destroy this more quickly than state medicine, particularly if practiced by groups.

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# RAPIDLY AGING YOUNG MAN

BY MILTON S. MAYER

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A YALE PROFESSOR of law at twenty-six was introduced to a United States Supreme Court Justice. "I suppose," said the Justice, thinking to put the boy wonder at his ease, "that you teach your students that all judges are crazy." "No," said the boy wonder, coldly, "we let them find that out for themselves."

That boy wonder should have been a bad bet, the odds on boy wonders being what they are. But he has come of age: he is still sour and supercilious and he is still a wonder — a man wonder. His name is Robert M. Hutchins, and instead of playing vaudeville he is President of the University of Chicago. He was brought there four years ago from Yale, amid a national gasping at his being thirty years old. He was brought to the University of Chicago largely for the purpose of getting money. Six years previous, while still a law student, he had been made Secretary of Yale for the same purpose. (Asked his occupation in those days, he would say, "I am doing oratorical work with Yale University.") Left relatively free from the duty of money-getting after he came to Chicago in 1929, since potential donors had been left relatively free from money, Hutchins had time for other things.

The most significant thing he has had time for is the reorganization of his university. Hauled into the spotlight two years ago when the "Hutchins plan" was put into effect, the young man has since been permitted to grow old and labor in his vineyard without much general attention. His work is not done. But it is more than begun, and it is not altogether premature to ask what has become of Hutchins and his plan.

The Hutchins plan — which is not Hutchins' (and he does not claim it) but has been dreamed of, in part or in whole, by hesitant educators for twenty years — is in essence a scheme to transform a university from a place

for teaching into a place for learning. Meiklejohn, with his independent-study experiments at Wisconsin; several progressive universities, led by Swarthmore and including Harvard, Columbia, Yale, and Stanford; and the fruits of other similar attempts and attempters were rolled into the Hutchins plan, retaining, it was hoped, the best features of each.

If it was any one man's, the plan was Max Mason's. The separation of the first two years' work into divisions that broke down the barriers between departments had been agreed upon by the University of Chicago faculty shortly before Mason resigned the presidency in 1928. Hutchins stood up at his first meeting of the University Senate (professors of full rank) and told the hired help that the place was going to be remodeled in somewhat more radical fashion than they might have thought. Uncertain as to when, and if, they should begin bucking the young man from Yale, the faculty signed on the dotted line — much as the U. S. Congress passed the Roosevelt recovery bills — and found out what was happening by reading the newspapers.

## II

HUTCHINS may not be loved for the enemies he has made, but there is no doubt that he has made enemies. In a recent address he said, without bothering to specify instances, "Every great change in American education has been secured over the dead bodies of countless professors." Not only did some of his theories seem genuinely unworkable; not only did the old hats at Chicago and, vicariously, everywhere else resent the whippersnapping of the boy wonder on the traditional grounds that they were old enough to be his grandfathers; but the academicians saw in him still another reason for agitation. The very worst feature of the garden of American edu-

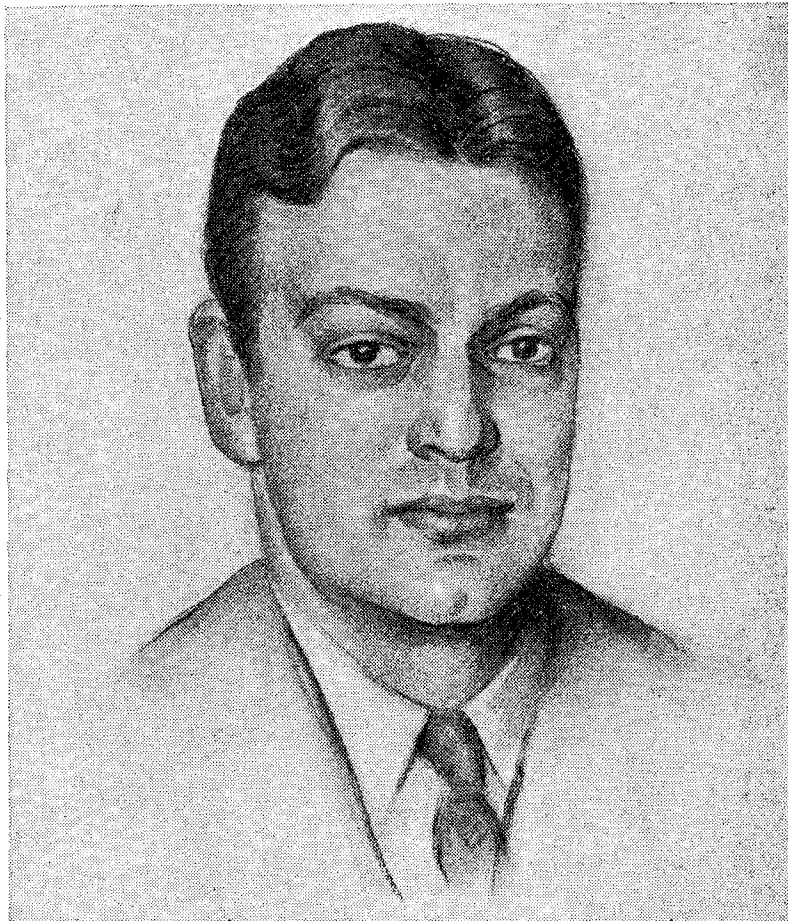
cation is that it is never weeded. Seniority, permanence of tenure, politics, public indifference, and other such institutions have raised to high estate a good percentage of the small-bore minds in private as well as public education. Hutchins made it clear that the University of Chicago was in for some weeding.

The one skirmish that reached the breaking point was with the philosophy department. University presidents make all faculty appointments, in theory, but it is customary to accept the recommendations of departments when vacancies in those departments occur. The story of Hutchins v. the Philosophers centers around a sharp, Hutchins-like (but not so graceful) little man named Mortimer Adler, a fluent, ferocious didacticist whom Hutchins installed in the philosophy department. Members of the department challenged Hutchins' right to act independently, and in the series of hot misunderstandings that followed three resignations were handed in — one from the department's chairman, George Herbert Mead, revered by John Dewey. Mead died shortly afterward.

Reports of such scrapes between Hutchins and his colleagues served to medicine-ball the word around that the young bucko had the skids under him. A hundred "Hutchins stories" are still told, most of them apocryphal, to substantiate claims that the Great Uncompromiser is insecure in his office; and every so often another section of the exposé press has Hutchins "through."

### III

**B**UT THE young man from Yale is at Chicago to stay. In the first place, he was chosen (aside from his talent in "doing oratorical work") to do the very thing he has been doing with so high and rigid a hand: to make the University of Chicago a haven for student initiative and a home for unhindered research. In the second place, the committee of ten that



*Drawing by Karl Woerner*

**Robert Maynard Hutchins**

did the actual choosing included (in addition to trustees and University officials) two men whose specialty is judging men — Charles E. Merriam and William E. Dodd. In the third place, he has endeared himself to the faculty by urging salary increases and asking exceptional rewards for exceptional men; by fighting valiantly and successfully for the past two years to avoid faculty salary cuts; by championing academic freedom and insisting that the chief function of the University is scholarship; by participating eloquently and ably in the work of the social scientists and by letting the exact scientists happily alone. Finally, on the basis of things achieved, Hutchins has become too big to handle; if he is, as men with rheumy beards have been heard to say, a young despot and a young fool, it is too late to save the University from his fury.

It was a bold — and it looked like a mad — thing to do to take a major university and hand it over to a pack of young devils of the boom-days vintage and say, "Go to it." But it appears to have succeeded. The first few classes,

to whom Hutchins apologizes for "the profound irritation the University has caused you by reconstructing itself while it was educating you," have been the guinea pigs. Courses that most of the students found too difficult have been lightened; but in most of the cases of overwork students manfully insist that it was because they were unused to the new procedure, rather than because of the actual weight of the load.

Not only has the level of the entering students been materially raised (as might have been expected), but the number of enrollments has increased rather than diminished. Against the 6% of each freshman class that failed under the old system, 5% have failed under the Hutchins system — another surprise. Comprehensive examinations which students may take at any time during the year are prepared, not by the professors who give the courses, but by an independent board of examiners; whereby is eliminated the time-honored device of figuring out what the professor is likely to ask on examination day and boning up on just that. A student may with impunity go to the opening meeting of a class, obtain an outline of the course from the instructor, and never attend the class again; yet classroom attendance is 1.3% higher than when it was compulsory. And such thoroughly unreal phenomena have been recorded as requests from groups of students for additional lectures and longer laboratory periods. The pursuit of knowledge has become a major student activity at the University of Chicago.

President Hutchins has gone a long way, it appears to a bystander who was once a traditional American student himself, toward purging the University of "the traditional American student who takes one bath, studies one lesson, and thinks one thought a week." This familiar species of young manhood and womanhood, which goes to college in quest of "college life," in order to avoid facing the workaday world, or because its parents want to keep it off their hands for another few years, or for all three reasons, is no longer permitted, at Chicago, to retard the progress of the ambitious young men and women who can (although it will be a rare one who wants to) complete the four-year course in a year and a quarter. The brilliant student is no longer forced to crawl nor

the dull one to go like mad; the natural pace of the individual student is gauged through personal conferences and through classes small enough to permit contacts between instructor and instructed.

In June of 1929, President-select Hutchins, as convocation orator, delivered his first address at Chicago, gently dropping his first charge of dynamite into the swollen lap of tradition and striking, above the reverberations, the keynote of a policy from which any of his steps has yet to deviate:

The college is a place for the exploration of the realms of knowledge. That means more than acquiring the ability to talk politely though vaguely on almost any topic. The purpose of college education is not to settle the minds of young men and women, to fill them with unnecessary information or righteous dogma; it is not to reform them, amuse them, or give them social prestige. It is to unsettle their minds, widen their horizons, and inflame their intellects. The college exists to teach its students to think — to think straight if possible, but to think always for themselves.

#### IV

THE FOSTERING of an atmosphere of student initiative is not, however, the principal aim of the Hutchins plan. In his fifteen-minute convocation address in June of this year, his fourth at the University, President Hutchins discussed the larger objective of the reorganization:

What the University has been trying to do may be briefly stated: it has been trying to become a university. Of the changes that have been taking place, those popularly known as the New Plan have been the least important. . . . They were superficial symptoms of a more significant development, the development of a university. To free students from compulsory attendance at classes, from the deadening influence of the credit system, from grades, from course examinations, from arbitrary time requirements — all these things are nice things to do and have proved successful things to do as well. But they cannot compare with the performance of the task upon which the University has been engaged, which is the task of clarification.

This clarification, President Hutchins explained, began with distinguishing between general education and advanced study.

General education was to be the function of the College [the first two years], advanced study of the upper divisions and professional schools. This defined a college and a university, and, by implication, a college in a university. A college is an institution devoted to general education. A university is an institution devoted to the advancement of knowledge.

A college in a university is an institution devoted to discovering what a general education ought to be.

The reformation of the university system, which Hutchins is blazing at Chicago, presages nothing less than a reformation of the entire educational system in America. And Hutchins is demanding just that, in exchange for undertaking the thankless and gargantuan job of championing public education — so badly in need of a virile, articulate champion — against murderous “economy.” (And so whole-souled a champion is he that when, a few weeks ago, the city’s puppet school board — with the support of the medieval *Chicago Tribune* and a “citizens’ advisory committee” composed of heavy taxpayers — cut the heart out of music, art, manual training, domestic science, and kindergarten in the Chicago public schools, he wrote signed editorials of protest on the front page of the *Tribune’s* puling rival — Hearst’s *Herald and Examiner*.)

Before education can expect sympathy from the people it must make itself worthy of sympathy, he warns the nation’s pedagogues. It must reconstruct itself from top to bottom. Blaming the hostility toward education of a debt-ridden and debt-dodging era partly on “that laissez-faire economics which the Nineteenth Century left us and which could tolerate nothing unless it paid,” he makes it clear, as he told the National Education Association in a recent address, that “the responsibility for our present plight must rest after all on us.” He is almost furious in his indictment of the present system of education — both public and private — in the United States. It is a “bewildering and incomprehensible maze,” and that, he asserts, is why it cannot get the money to support itself.

Students have been put through a mill designed to create in them a deep distaste for intellectual pursuits. . . . With vast resources, intelligence, and ability, education and scholarship in America have fallen short of their own ideals and the demands of the present day. With good students, good teachers, and good scholars, we have not been doing a good job.

### The ailment:

The elementary schools are eight years for no better reason than that Horace Mann, when he went to Germany to find a school to imitate, imitated the wrong one and imposed on this country as a preparatory unit a school that was terminal in its native

land. The high schools are largely dominated by collegiate requirements that have no application to the majority of their students. The junior colleges are frequently two years more of high school or a pale imitation of the first two years at the state university. The colleges of liberal arts sometimes seem to duplicate the high school at one end and the university at the other. The universities are weird mixtures of general education, specialized study, professional training, and college life. If we are ever to alter the public attitude toward education, we must clarify the functions of all these organizations and their relationships to one another.

### The cure:

Hutchins sees the average student ready to begin work hitherto regarded as “graduate” at the end of the second, instead of the fourth, year of college. At the end of the second year the student should have completed his general education. But the general education should not begin at the end of eight years of grammar and four years of high school — twelve years of “preparatory” schooling for college, a place three-fourths of the high school graduates never see. The general education should begin with what is now the junior year of high school. It should be terminal in its character, fitting the student equally well for “life” or for college, with a broad cultural education and courses of study of a sub-professional, business, technical, or home-making variety. Primary education can be accomplished in six years.

His criticism of the lower levels of education is never harsher than his criticism of his own — the university level:

From the freshman to the senior year of college, from eighteen to twenty-two, the student has been permitted to do almost no learning. He has been taught. He has continued the process to which he has been accustomed in high school. This has involved taking a course, memorizing it, and repeating as much of it as may be demanded on an examination by the teacher who taught it. If the facts were handed back without too much mutilation, the course was passed, counted as one point toward college, and forgotten.

In college the student proceeded in the same way. He took thirty-six courses, forgetting each one as he passed on to the next. If he passed them all with a general arithmetical average of the appropriate height, he was sent forth into the world as an educated person. . . . The system was a system of acquiring credits rather than acquiring knowledge. Thirty-six credits with an average of 65 meant that our friend was educated. Thirty-five credits with an average of 64 meant that he was not. It will not surprise you to learn that in a law school of which I once was dean we had to buy an adding machine to tell whether our students graduated.

V

THE UNIVERSITY of Chicago and the surrounding country have been and continue to be thunderstruck by the crusading sarcasm, the cold evangelism, the impudent humility of this handsome, high-domed young aleck who succeeded to a chair warmed for thirty years by fine old gentlemen whose gray hairs lent sonority to their platitudes. The University of Chicago is, none the less, the right place for such a man as Hutchins to promulgate such a plan as his. Young and rich and vocal, located far enough west of Eastern bankerism, far enough north of Southern reactionism, and far enough east of Western ruralism, it has attracted to its faculty a larger proportion of forthright liberals than any other school — I think I may say this despite the presence of the entire Columbia faculty on the Federal payroll — in the country.

It has long since got out of hand of the Rockefellerers (who were smarter than to try to hold it) and the Baptist majority (the one Rockefeller string) of its board of trustees. Its great Lovett goes to jail as an anarchist; its great Dodd goes to Germany as an ambassador. Its great Mason laid the groundwork for the Hutchins Reformation; its great Michelson and its great Milliken knew no religion. Its great Dewey was a renegade in philosophy; its great Carlson smears anti-vivisection single-handed; its great Merriam frightens real, live politicians into near-reform. Its great Ogburn steered the Hoover report on Social Trends into the confident pessimism that heartbroke Hoover; its great Woodward and Hall and Bigelow and Freund made law look human; its great Small uncovered sociology. Its great Mathews refused to be a Rev. and still teach theology; its great Chamberlin put LaPlace out of business. And its great Harper — who left Yale at thirty-four with his pockets full of Rockefeller's money to clear the swamp and kill the Indians and build a university in the West — was the prime upstart of his time.

And the University of Chicago has discovered in four years that it has in its paneled, emptyish president's office a man who will make history or bust. Too busy to refute his critics, too learned to be ashamed of his learning, too ambitious to be tactful, too honest to

be warm, he sells himself on realities alone. When big things are at stake, he refuses to poke destiny by looking better than he is, or even as good. Four times he was called to Chicago to be looked over by the University's Board of Trustees, composed, as boards of trustees are likely to be, of moneyed men in dinner jackets. Four times he came and puzzled and irked them, fresh, flip, "smart," his socks ungartered, his clothes unpressed, his polite conversation brusque and contradictory. When they took him, they took him because they knew he was the right man, but they were damned if they knew why.

He has performed in capital-S Society in Chicago, in accordance with the unwritten clause in the contract of every president of a privately endowed institution, and, being a brilliant man, he has performed brilliantly. But he does not like it. He is not sociable. He lunches at home with his beauteous wife (who sculps in the attic) and his little daughter, not at the Quadrangle Club, where a proud share of America's Nobel Prizers take time out. His stoniness perturbs a highly congenial faculty and disappoints a worshipful student body to the point of evoking editorials in the campus daily. Although he has been known actually to gambol with intimates like Mortimer Adler and Thornton Wilder; although he has waited tables and fought in the Italian army; although he sits in his office with his manly feet in the top left-hand drawer of his desk and says to a youthful interviewer — whom he has known five minutes — "You're crazy as hell"; although he attends football games in a wrecked and beer-stained fedora hat; although he is a man's man; and although he has the capacity to melt — he has yet to step up to an anonymous student on the campus and say, "How do you like the place?"

VI

SINCE HIS Yale days he has heard himself mentioned in connection with political possibilities. In 1926 he was offered the Democratic nomination for U. S. Senator from Connecticut; he was twenty-seven and he had his hands full with the secretaryship of Yale and a full professorship of law. In 1928, the offer was made again; he was Dean of the Yale Law School then and was organizing, with the Dean

of the Medical School, Dr. Milton Winternitz, the Institute of Human Relations. In January of 1929 he was asked to be Democratic national committeeman for Connecticut; he refused that, too.

From 1929 to 1932 nothing political was heard from or about Robert M. Hutchins. University presidents have been notable for their silence on politics, except for one who wanted to be President of the United States and another one who was. But last June — 1932 — the President of the University of Chicago addressed the Young Democratic Clubs, gathered in Chicago, just after the scurrilous Republican national convention had been let out. His speech began:

The Democrats have always prided themselves on being poor but honest. Such people have no appeal for a university president. So I am not here as a university president but merely as a rapidly aging young man who ventures to say a few words in behalf of other young people who are rapidly aging too.

After ripping the Republican party up and down the back and front, he suggested for the Democrats a five-hundred-word platform embracing all the horrifying radical tenets which have since become, or are becoming, law. From that time, the name of Hutchins was again heard by those who listen to whispers. After the Democrats adopted their platform, he issued an analysis of it, and a close one, beginning, "We must give the Democrats credit for being brief and trying to be liberal." Then one day — in August — the whispers stopped, in a hurry. Here was a man whose name was going around in connection with the year 1940 renouncing his political respectability by telling a New York reporter that "if neither major party makes itself any clearer on vital issues I shall vote for Norman Thomas." And he did. It is all right to be tactless after you're President of the United States, but even Franklin Roosevelt knew better than to be tactless before.

The liberalism of Roosevelt, T., paved the way for one university president, and there is no guaranteeing that the liberalism of Roosevelt, F., will not pave the way for another. Hutchins' pure hatred of clichés — Thornton Wilder's suggestion for his friend's epitaph is: Here Lies a University President Who Never

Used the Word "Ideals" — has made of him as adroit a phrase-maker as was ever Professor Wilson of Princeton: "Practical men are those who practise the errors of their forefathers"; "Mr. Hoover's doctrine of salvation by incantation"; "... since Mr. Roosevelt moved the government to Washington"; "The true conservative is not interested in conserving chaos"; "We have been suffering from overproduction of everything but brains." His capacity as an executive was recently recognized by the President he did not vote for, when Mr. Roosevelt appointed him Chairman of the Special Advisory Board of the United States Employment Service — the job, when cleared of the underbrush of its title, of finding ten million people jobs. His fine brown face and his unbulging physique, his ease on a platform and his gestureless genius as an orator further commend him to the politicians.

But Robert Maynard Hutchins is too busy and too respectful of destiny to hoist a lightning rod for a storm that is at least eight years off. Besides, he is undertaking a new crusade that ought to kill any man as a political possibility: he is demanding more public money for more public education, so that teaching will attract higher-salaried men and women and so that the present generation of adolescents may be saved from the streets: "Whether we like it or not, we must accommodate the young people of the country up to their eighteenth or twentieth year; industry will not absorb them earlier."

He is satisfied that if education is made attractive (as he is trying to make it at Chicago), the kids of the nation, no matter what their strata of society or who their antecedents, will come a-running. There are those who are skeptical that all of the nation's adolescents or even most of them can be seduced by education in any form. But if Hutchins is wrong, if public schools cannot be made attractive to the millions of boys and girls who can find no work, there is no place for them but the pool parlors and the ball games and the dance halls and the movies — and the streets. If he is right, a national problem that is exceeded by no other is at least capable of being solved. The white hope lies — perhaps for the nation as well as for Hutchins — in the fact that he has the luxurious habit of being right.

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# FORTY LEADS THE FIELD

BY ANTOINETTE GILMAN

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THEY SAY that we find what we look for in this life, and that may be the reason that I have been so successful during the past few years in discovering increasing indications that the middle-aged woman is not such a drug on the market as I had formerly supposed her to be. But not in my wildest dreams did I ever expect to see the day when the employment ads in the daily newspapers would be full of requests for the services of women between the ages of thirty and forty-five — for anything but drab household duties — much less at a time when the whole world is wailing about unemployment.

Being technically among the “vast army of the unemployed,” I have had occasion during the past year to pay rather close attention to the condition of the “Employment for Women” columns. By “technically” I mean that, outside of keeping house, mothering a small daughter, administering my husband’s estate (which consists of several pieces of unimproved but very taxable realty, some non-dividend-bearing securities, and a business now in a state of coma), and trying to learn to write for a living for myself, the daughter, and the estate, I have nothing in the world to do. So I started out to investigate this unemployment bogey we hear so much about, with special reference to the status of the middle-aged woman, of which sorry class I am unwillingly but undeniably a member. And my conclusion is that if any middle-aged woman in good health feels that she has been put upon the shelf these days, it is because she, consciously or unconsciously, prefers that lofty and leisurely berth to being in the front of the fray. I have had so many chances to work offered to me that I am dizzy with trying to decide which to accept. Please note I did not say “jobs.” I said “chances to work.”

Of course it would be very nice to be able to

attribute my success in this respect to my overpowering beauty or some personal distinction, but, after carefully considering the matter and talking it over with others who have had similar experiences, I have been forced to abandon any such flattering explanation and conclude that it is just an indication of the present-day trend in business.

That it was not ever thus needs no proof. Not so long ago, the arrival of the first gray hair in a business woman’s head was regarded as a supreme tragedy. (Nobody regards it in that light any longer, except the hair-dye advertisers.) It marked the point at which she could begin looking forward to the loss of her job, as well as to the increasing difficulty, in that event, of obtaining another. Self-respecting employers would not tolerate gray-haired women in their employ, at least in the outer offices or in any other capacity where they came in contact with the public.

I always wanted to think that this attitude had its basis in a subconscious chivalry toward the older woman: if either must suffer the indignity of seeking employment outside the home, let it be the younger. But that is because I hated to admit the existence of the familiar legend that woman’s usefulness is over soon after she passes a certain point. And it is true that this belief, together with the undeniable fact that men like the stimulation of working beside a pretty young thing, was sufficient, until a very few years ago, to limit the demand for women in business and professional jobs to young girls.

In all my experience as a business woman I never met but one man sensible and frank enough to admit that he deliberately hired only middle-aged and definitely unattractive women in his law offices because he “couldn’t afford to be distracted by a pretty face” when he was trying to work. (No, I wasn’t asking

him for a job.) He was crazy about his wife and intended to stay that way (although they had been married some twenty years) and he said so whenever the presence of another woman intruded upon his consciousness. But we must all recognize him as the extreme exception. Most men have felt that they are entitled to the thrill or inspiration afforded by the presence of a pretty young girl in their offices.

## II

So youth and sex appeal had its fling in the business world, and all went well as long as everybody was making money willy-nilly. Those were the days when jobs were jobs, and a chance to work was something else again. But when the pinch came, and the boss began to look around for leaks and to pare down luxuries and unnecessary expenses, he found he could get along without quite so much youth and beauty. And the result is that flocks of young girls, who had been sallying forth so cocksurely to their little 'steen-a-week jobs and bragging so glibly about supporting the family for the past decade, are sadly coming home to roost on mother's doorstep. For nobody these days can afford to pay wages for help that is not definitely productive. A pretty face to sit behind a typewriter or a switchboard and powder its nose between wisecracking conversations with every passing gent is a luxury few employers can afford.

All of which accounts in some measure for the miraculous change in the text of the perennial want ad. No longer are there demands for stenographers and file clerks and switchboard operators, or even for clerks in the five-and-ten, and when, perchance, there is one, there are a hundred applicants there before the doors open in the morning. The new crop of ads is for saleswomen; frequently, specifically, a "mature woman," "woman over thirty"; and very often with "no experience necessary."

"Ma, why don't you go down and see about this one?" says daughter-out-of-a-job, pointing to an ad which asks for a woman of "character and personality." "I answered it, and it looked good, but he said they weren't considering any young girls."

And mother, either totally inexperienced or long since retired from the active field of business, dons her last year's hat or borrows one

from daughter and deprecatingly sets out to make that joyous discovery that she is wanted, yes, even needed. For the man behind the desk welcomes her with open arms and all but begs her to cast in her lot with the organization and help them make some money. In many cases all she is offered while she is learning the ropes is "coffee and doughnut money" — that and the hearty co-operation of everybody in the force from the president down, with intensive coaching by a "senior sales person" until she feels able to carry on alone. She may not make any money, but she will certainly be given every opportunity to find out whether or not she can.

"Yeah, every opportunity to work for nothing," as one job-seeker put it — a very haughty and secure job-seeker, with a fine dividend-bearing husband waiting for her in the car outside. Well, maybe so. But business nowadays can't afford to pay wages just to be able to say it has so many people on its payroll. It must have help which actually brings in the dollars. Employers are liberal with commissions but chary with salaries, and the old, much-abused expense account is as extinct as the dodo. Workers must be willing and able to prove that they are worth more than they cost, or there is nothing to carry the overhead and keep the business going.

So mother is learning to be a corset saleswoman or a food demonstrator or an appointment woman for some concern whose executive believes there is business to be had, even in these tight times, if you go after it hard enough. Real-estate organizations, book distributors, various house-to-house campaigns, which represent the efforts of business to reorganize itself to cope with the changed conditions, are using older women exclusively in these days when it is well-nigh impossible for a young girl to find work anywhere.

"Oh we can't use anyone under thirty, preferably over thirty-five or forty," I am told again and again in investigating these ads. "Young girls get discouraged too easily. They expect to be able to accomplish everything in a few days. And you can't do that these times." Or: "A young girl's opinion doesn't carry enough weight with the customer. We need women who have had some experience with life." This is what has led me to the conclusion

that the older woman is leading the field in business to-day.

Of course this is going to be disputed by a great many older women who have lost their jobs in this crisis. There is such an ingrained tendency among us, after we leave our thirties, to blame on our age everything untoward that happens to us. We lose our husbands to a younger woman because we are "getting old" — never by any chance because we are at fault in any way or have grown careless in our grooming or nagging in disposition or have ceased to be interested in anything outside our narrow routine. We lose our jobs because we are "getting old," never because we have begun to think we have a life tenure and can just coast along the easiest way until we are ready to retire. I am inclined to think that those of us who have lost our jobs had best look pretty carefully into the matter before we assume that our age was responsible. If we must have something to save our vanity, let's choose the depression!

### III

LOOK OVER the array of clerks in the high-class stores to-day. You will be delighted with the number of smartly dressed, fine-looking, gray-haired women behind the counters — women who are keeping their places right through the deluge. Competent, interested, charming — how favorably they compare with the primping, supercilious young things of a few years ago who polished their overglossed nails and discussed last night's party with the girl at the next counter while you disgustedly cooled your heels. These are the trained, experienced women who grew up with the business and are facing the world, even in their advancing years, with that "twelve-pound look" which Barrie made famous.

I remember, some years ago, one of our ultra-modern men writers came forth with the recommendation that all women should be chloroformed at forty; and I was somewhat disposed to agree with him at the time. I was then a long way from forty myself, and the women I knew who had passed that fatal point seemed either to lead such colorless lives or to be so discontented and futile that I really wondered if the time might come when civilization would adopt some such expedient — to

handle the mother-in-law problem, for instance. I remember having several spirited discussions with other women on the subject and getting myself cordially hated for my "red" tendencies in tolerating such a thought. One devoted mother, with two fascinating grown daughters, who had jobs in offices and were living at home, brought me to a sudden halt by saying seriously: "Who would do the work, then?"

That put a new idea into my head, and I looked about me. I discovered that everywhere it was the middle-aged woman who was keeping the wheels running: sitting up nights to do daughter's ironing, so that she might go forth to her job fresh and shining in the morning; scrubbing office buildings, so that she wouldn't get her cuffs soiled after she got there; cooking in cafeterias; doing the unrecognized and unappreciated work behind the scenes, so that the young girls could keep their hands soft and white. She wasn't staying in bed for a few days every time she had a little cold or a pain somewhere, as did most of the young stenographers I knew. She had been used to getting up to prepare the family breakfast and struggle through the daily routine, no matter how she felt. With her it was never a question of just getting herself another job if the boss didn't like to give her a day "off" once or twice a month. She was used to being depended upon to deliver the goods, rain or shine, and it is for these qualities that the men and women who have the guts to be in the employer class these days are looking to the older woman. In the life-and-death struggle which every business faces to-day, that kind of help is often the deciding factor between success and failure. And with pa's business on the rocks and daughter unable to get a job anywhere, the middle-aged woman is coming into her own.

This does not mean that the rising generation will not produce just as fine and responsible a type of woman as the one now past forty, perhaps a finer, for more will be demanded of her. To her it will never seem about a fifty-fifty choice as to whether she is to be chloroformed or condemned to hard labor when she reaches the fatal age of forty; for she is growing up in a day when the privilege of being allowed to work is recognized as the greatest of all blessings.

## HENRY GEORGE

Henry George, I have lain up here many a time, hearing the whistles and the throbbing of foundries below me and just as remote as on top of Redondo or the Enchanted Mesa, in the late April and early May sun, bathing in it, reading, writing, talking if I had brought a friend with me, or if the old gardener chanced my way. And up there above the stacks and lying on artemisia and on arenaria I believe I had my first revelation of you. No doubt there had been events paving the way; but you are, and always will be for me, born out of that wealth of botany and landscape. Here is a difficult thing to put into words, and I say nothing of much struggling before and after and a strange inner dizziness, out of which I kept clutching for the warm symbol of us all, the STATE. But I could not have continued without you. Fortified privilege all about breeds too many doubts in the lonely, and so do dreams of reform born of the envious and the irresponsible; and I am of the lonely, and hence the joy of that hour I speak of,

remembering,  
which flows richly back through me reading you, any time,  
anywhere.

The STATE has a sacred physical body  
and her sacred physical body is the earth  
and for all men is the equal right to the use of the earth;  
and something else you made clear to me,  
harder to phrase, deep as the blood —  
patriotism born of an unbroken communion  
with the sun, with the planets,  
with the dark nights and the stars through the trees  
of one's own landscape.

More than anyone you help me to be  
both individual and non-individual;  
because of you I have grown very quiet in the deeps of my life.  
Feeling the pulse in my wrist  
I feel underneath and within that pulse of personal blood  
another pulse deeper than I know.

HANIEL LONG



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# RADIO REVIEWS

## *Thanksgiving Plum Pudding*

BY CYRUS FISHER

---

ALTHOUGH THE National Advisory Council on Radio in Education and — take a deep breath — National Committee on Education by Radio are damned by particularly poisonous names, they must not be considered as minor pedantic enterprises. Quite the contrary; they are about the only non-partisan forces we have on the listeners' side of the fence. The NACRE includes such visionary school teachers as Newton D. Baker, John Dewey, Norman Davis, Nicholas Murray Butler, Dorothy Canfield Fisher, Walter Lippman, Helen Taft Manning, Felix M. Warburg, Henry A. Wallace, and Harold I. Ickes; the NCER includes Arthur G. Crane, James N. Rule, J. F. Wright, and others equally experienced and prominent in establishing the relation of education to the general problem of improving social conditions. The rise of strong, non-partisan organizations in the United States, such as the NACRE and NCER, should do much to co-ordinate, direct, and express the inchoate but growing displacency of the radio audience with the present sacrosanct "American System."

### BIGGER AND BETTER

*NRA All-Star Radio Show*, with twenty-one radio stars, General Hugh S. Johnson, Madame Schumann-Heink, and the U. S. A. Army, Navy, and Marine Bands. NBC and CBS. 10:30-12:00 P.M. EST. August 27th. One night only — let's hope.

Although the great NRA radio whoopaloo dazzled the nation six weeks ago, as an example of our radio stars doing their itty bit for themselves and country, the program should not go unchronicled. The two announcers, Messrs. McNamee and Husing, took their turns with soapy platitudes. The Army Band was pushed into a dismal three-minute opening. Following the Army drag were Nino Martini and André Kostelanetz's orchestra; Burns and Allen

punching NRA puns; the Navy Band having labor pains with *Anchors Aweigh*; and Madame Schumann-Heink in a grand three-minute plea for co-operation, worth the entire preceding twenty minutes.

Tenor John Charles Thomas immortalized himself at the opening of the second act. At the close of his two numbers he let slip a milky "Good-night, mother," one of the heartiest displays of audience-begging pranced before the microphone for many a season. Then we switched to Hollywood, to Jack Pearl and "Scharlie" Hall in more NRA puns; Eddie Cantor missing fire because of the ill-timed guffaws of Ben Bard; Ruth Etting singing nothing new; Bing Crosby, accompanied by Raymond Paige's orchestra, in a da-da outgrowth of *The Old Ox Road*; and finally, four and one half minutes of Will Rogers in the most interesting talk I think he has ever produced for the radio. The third act opened in New York with Paul Whiteman's crew blasting the way for six and one half minutes of General Hugh S. Johnson. He has a hoarse, very tired voice. He had the same curious warmth of speech frequently felt during one of Al Smith's talks, and although General Johnson was placed against the choice of radio's professionals, he — an amateur — carried the show.

Kate Smith burbled after General Johnson. She is the Chairman of the NRA Committee of Radio, Screen, and Stage. And the Chairman told us she *was* the Chairman, and took unto herself five jelly-like minutes to tell us so and to sing the singularly appropriate *Lover Come Back to Me*, after General Johnson's magnificent effort. Walter Damrosch brought up the fire horses with the *Prelude to the Third Act of Lohengrin*; next a lachrymose spasm of Al Jolson; ending with the Marine Band proving that a marine could still lick any two sailors or three soldiers. Well, it's past now. Considering every-

thing, we can be thankful that the All-Star whoopaloo wasn't important enough to have an appreciable effect, one way or the other, on the future of the NRA.

## YANKEES' DANDY DOODLE

*Gulf Headliners*, featuring George M. Cohan, with the Revellers and Al Goodman's orchestra. Harry Tighe, announcer. Bell, production. Lorenz, engineer. Sponsored by Gulf Refining Company. 3 minutes', 20 seconds' advertising time. NBC. Eastern and southern regional WJZ network. 9:00-9:30 P.M. EST. Every Sunday.

In this star-spangled edition of "Gulf Headliners" there are thirteen undiluted minutes of Mr. George Cohan and four more assisted by the "Revellers." All of his songs are there: *Yankee Doodle Dandy*, *Always Leave 'Em Laughing*, *You're a Grand Old Flag*, *Forty Minutes from Broadway* . . . all of them. And just as exciting as when you first heard them. Mr. Cohan brings the same gun-like cracks, the dry twang, the shrewd showmanship he used to so much advantage on the stage, as if he hadn't ever heard that broadcasting is just hell on stage actors. In addition, he still retains something most of us embarrassedly discarded along about 1918. Let him once more sing for you *Over There* or his latest, *A New Deal*. You will find there is no loss of the old Cohan magic. I had assumed that Mr. Cohan belonged to a past decade, but after his unashamed exhibition of flag-raising tracts set to simple, fluent music, somehow the usual radio routine of crooners' laments concerning tearing passion under moons of various states and rivers seems very old stuff indeed.

## TUNING UP THE OLD SCHNOZZOLA

*The Chase & Sanborn Hour* (version IV: see July '32, February '33 and July '33 issues of *THE FORUM AND CENTURY* for previous versions and technical data), featuring Jimmy Durante, with Ruth Etting and Rubinoff's orchestra. NBC. National WEA network. 8:00-9:00 P.M. EST. Every Sunday.

Announcer: "Who's that I see in the distance?" (Business of ponderous exchanges in manner of coryphaeus to chorus.) Off-stage voice: "It is 'Schnozzle' Durante. Ah, ah, how large his nose is! etc." The laudatory charivari opening the current version of the Chase & Sanborn Hour has the same effect on Mr. Jimmy Durante's explosive, informal comedy as if some hopeful had suddenly pried off the

entire top of a barrel of beer and then wondered why it was flat when drawn from the spigot. Not until after his first eleven minutes or so, when Miss Ruth Etting slides in front of him with one of her two honey-and-spiced-wine songs, and Rubinoff's orchestra cuts in with slippery, streamlined music, does Mr. Durante begin to grow morbid over the mortification he has received, rally, and sweep into his famous love lyric, *I Can Get Along Without Garbo — But Can Garbo Get Along Without Me?* From then on he keeps the show wound up, and wound up tightly. He has twenty-one minutes; Miss Etting has six minutes; the commercials three minutes; Rubinoff the rest. If they would give Mr. Durante approximately nine minutes and make him fight constantly for audience interest, then he should be as much fun to listen to as he was when trying to steal the cinema play, *The Phantom President*, away from Mr. George M. Cohan. And that, ladies and gentlemen, is tremendous praise.

## RURAL PROGRESS

*Lum and Abner Sociable*, with Forrest Miller, Warren Wade, Pine Ridge String Band, Pine Ridge Quartet, guest star, yodelers, harmonica players, etc. Gene Hamilton, announcer. Wade, production. Logan, musical director. Francis, engineer. Zohn, sound effects. Miller and Wade, continuity. Sponsored by Ford dealers in regions produced. 4 minutes' advertising time. NBC. Eastern and mid-western regional WEA network. 10:30-11:00 P.M. EST. Every Friday.

On Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays, Messrs. Miller and Wade regularly plow under "Lum and Abner," the usual quarter hour of synthetic dodges and gim-cracks, undistinguishable from other pastoral paste-ups found on all metropolitan stations. You needn't bother about it. But on Fridays their half-hour "Lum and Abner Sociable" proves there is progress even among the rural tintypes. "Lum" and "Abner" drop the by-cricky hangovers for an easy, homely job of two-way master-of-ceremonying. (There isn't such a word? Well, well.) The orchestra unfolds a saxophone ensemble with proper sparkle, the acts are sassy, the guest star is almost invariably quite a shining piece of talent, and much to my own consternation the whole program is brisk and diverting, tarnished only by the clumsy timing at the end.

PEPPERMINT LOZENGES

*The Town Crier*, who is Alexander Woollcott. Sustaining program — no advertising. CBS. National. 10:30-10:45 P.M. EST. Every Wednesday and Friday.

The town crier's bell tinkles. A soft, precise voice — either concealing a peppermint lozenge or a lisp — says, "This is Woollcott speaking." The voice rises when it encounters an anecdote and may even pass on to a second anecdote before springing the nub of the first, pattering along about its owner's experiences, about people and events the owner has met. You're suddenly surprised to find yourself smiling. The voice is saying, surprised, too: "Oh dear, that was a joke, wasn't it?" You grow accustomed to the embryonic lisp or the occult peppermint lozenge long before the voice ends with: "This is your oral correspondent of the air" and retires, and you want more of it. Perhaps one of these days, when the voice is so shamelessly betraying its owner's confidences, we shall learn whether it is a peppermint lozenge or a lisp. Either, when assisting Mr. Woollcott, would be sweet.

ODDS AND ENDS

*Nestle Chocolateers*, with Walter O'Keefe, Ethel Shutta, and Don Bestor's orchestra. O'Keefe, announcer and master of ceremonies. Stoddart, engineer. O'Keefe, continuity. Sponsored by Lamont Corliss & Co. 2-3 minutes' advertising time. NBC. Eastern regional WJZ network. 8:00-8:30 P.M. EST. Every Friday.

Mr. Walter O'Keefe has a dreadful time deciding whether he is a comic (refined of course), a master of ceremonies, or a charming Irish balladist. This tormenting indecision communicates itself to the audience. There is a consequent feeling of relief whenever Don Bestor's orchestra replaces Mr. O'Keefe's ecphoneses with its accustomed smooth spin of dance music. Miss Shutta also sings — three times, I believe.

*The Barbasol Programs*. Edwin C. Hill — "The Human Side of the News"; Monday, Wednesday, and Friday. Harry Frankel — "Singin' Sam, the Barbasol Man"; Tuesday and Thursday. Don Ball, announcer. Gannon, direction. Sponsored by the Barbasol Co. 1 minute, 30 seconds (or more) of advertising time. CBS. National network. 8:15-8:30 P.M. EST. (See above for days.)

With well-rounded sentences, polished by in-

numerable clauses, Mr. Edwin C. Hill still manages to make all news gloriously romantic and colorful and easy to understand for those confused by the tragic actuality sharpening most of our daily journals. Mr. Frankel is the last man in the barber shop quartet — the one who never goes home but insists upon keeping the neighbors awake after nine o'clock.

*Tony Wons*, featuring Tony Wons and the piano team of Keenan and Phillips. André Baruch and Don Ball, announcers. Swift and Barnum, production. Brieau, engineer. Wons, continuity. Sponsored by S. C. Johnson & Sons. 2 minutes' advertising time. CBS. East, Middle-West, and South regional. 11:30-11:45 A.M. EST. Mondays and Thursdays.

I'm afraid you'll want to sidestep this one, despite the allurements of five minutes of a really bully piano team. Mr. Tony Wons continues to be the fine old philosopher.

NOVEMBER FORECASTS

*Depressing and Overcast*: Tony Wons; Cap'n Dobbies; "Lum and Abner" (but *not* their Friday Sociables); Death Valley Days; Orphan Annie; Clara, Lu 'n' Em; Madame Sylvia (who should be on when you read this); "Singin' Sam"; Marie, the Little French Princess; "Voice of Experience"; Floyd Gibbons; "Behind the Law" (KDKA regional); "K-Seven"; all station XER programs; "Tarzan of the Apes" (record series on many local stations); and Graham McNamee's football broadcasts.

*Generally Fair*: "The Town Crier"; Lowell Thomas, news narrator; Nestle Chocolateers (because of Don Bestor's orchestra); Raymond Knight's Cuckoo Program; Amos 'n' Andy (present script highly amusing, but chances are they will drop to usual pre-Christmas level before new sequence); The Kraft Program; Elder Michaux' Congregation; Drake's Drums (for children); Chase & Sanborn Hour; Old Gold Program, with Harry Richman; and Ted Husing's football broadcasts.

*Brighter*: Gulf Headliners with Geo. M. Cohan; "First Nighter"; Will Cuppy; any of the Philadelphia Concerts or Metropolitan Opera broadcasts (starting a few weeks after you read this); Columbia Dramatic Guild Plays; John Henry — Black River Giant; Howard Barlow's Columbia Symphonic Orchestra; Jack Pearl and "Scharlie" (who *should* be back by now); and most of the NACRE programs.

## OUR ROSTRUM

*These columns are open to brief letters commenting on articles that have appeared in The Forum. Due to space limitations, the Editor reserves the right to publish the letters only in part.*

### TRENCHANT CRITICISM

To the Editor:

The trenchant criticism of our educational system in your foreword, "A Challenge to the Colleges," and in Mr. Rogers' article, "Is College Worth While" (September FORUM), cuts deeply into a problem which I, among countless others, am facing. The majority of my college contemporaries are either unemployed or engaged in work where a university degree has no conspicuous advantage. We are asking, what place has pure education in the socio-economic pattern?

The issue lies in the conflict between the necessity for economic preparedness and the desire of a substantial number of people for cultural opportunities as well. Is it not possible that we have put the cart before the horse in demanding that proficiency in the arts and sciences shall come first and specialized training last?

The tendency toward a new economic order affording more leisure may . . . solve the problem . . . learning may be pursued with the spontaneity that is rarely found under a paralyzing régime of required courses. . . .

ELINOR BRAMHALL

Fair Oaks, Calif.

### CONCERNING EXCEPTIONS

To the Editor:

Both your editorial ("A Challenge to the Colleges") and the special feature article ("Is College Worth While?") in your September edition . . . overlook one fundamental point.

There are to-day in colleges and universities students who are there for a purpose: mainly, to learn. Some students with this aim in mind cannot find time enough to learn and do all the things of their desire.

In some students there burns a passion for learning that gives both utility and direction to their college education, regardless of how varied the subjects studied may be. . . .

It is regrettable that the popular conception of college students is one of uniformity. No one looks upon all doctors of medicine as uniform; there is Dr. Charles Mayo and the average practitioner. So with the students. . . .

HAROLD J. RUTTENBERG

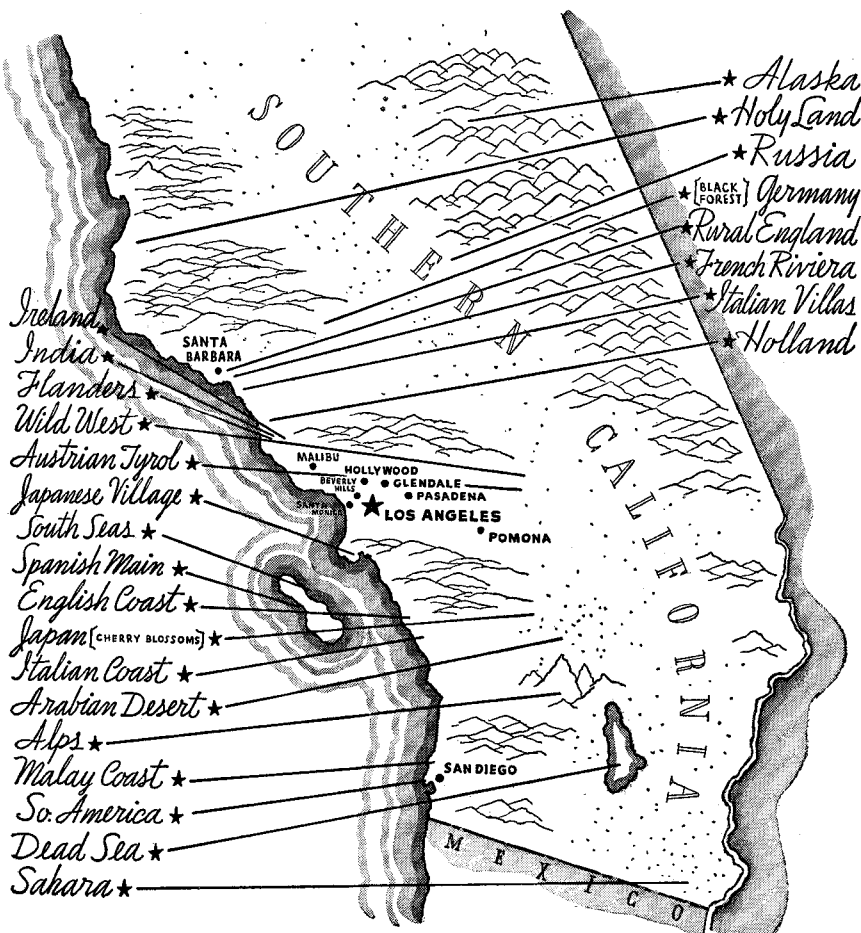
Pittsburgh, Pa.

### REVOLTING, INHUMAN

To the Editor:

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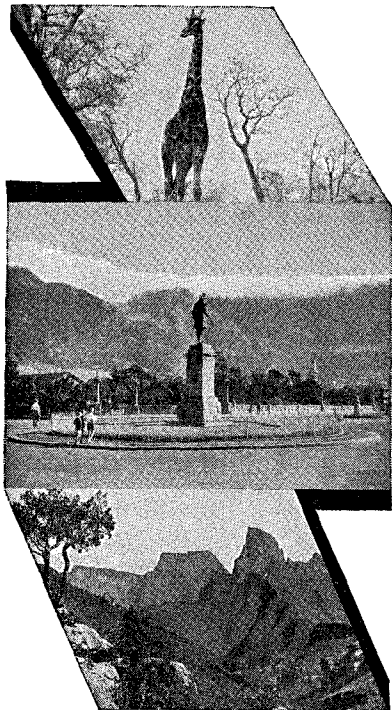
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## OUR ROSTRUM

FORUM). This condition is most revolting; the inhuman methods permitted by commercial enterprises such as related by the Smith College graduate should arouse immediate public indignation, an indignation which should not stop with the fine efforts of the NRA but must banish from our system with severity any practices of such low standards. We need not go to Russia to be shocked; it is very evident that our public-spirited men and women can secure an abundance of facts right here in America that will enable them to perform a great human service from the platform and from the pulpit.

ROBERT W. DISQUE

Syracuse, N. Y.

### CONDEMNS MRS. BUCK

To the Editor:

I am afraid the New York "intelligentsia" have "got" Pearl Buck, just as they have overwhelmed and destroyed many a lesser writer. Her "What Religion Means to Me" (October FORUM), with its vagueness, superficiality, and iconoclasm, seems to echo Morningside Heights rather than Nankin or Chinkiang.

I think Pearl was one of the young daughters of Dr. Sydenstricker, whom I met in her father's home at Chinkiang on the Yangtze during the great famine of 1906-7. Her father I came to know rather well. His life and beliefs were the direct antithesis of all that this article seems to be trying to say.

In fact I am puzzled by the dual personality of Mrs. Buck. Her biography of her father, who died in August of last year, which appeared in *The Presbyterian Survey*, is the most beautiful thing she has written—tender, discerning, appreciative, and a rare endorsement of all that her father represented. He was a pioneering and preaching missionary of the old school, a stern doctrinarian. Pearl Buck holds him up as the ideal missionary.

Now she writes this slithering and nebulous statement of "religion," which has none of the flesh and bones and animating spirit of her father's robust faith.

Which is the real Pearl Buck?

Perhaps she will "find" herself when she gets back to China.

WILLIAM T. ELLIS

Swarthmore, Pa.

### ANOTHER VERDICT

To the Editor:

I wish to congratulate you on the publication of Mr. Hutchinson's able and stimulating article, "The Final Verdict on Recovery" (September FORUM). Surely there is no more important subject of speculation to-day than the possible fate of Mr. Roosevelt's recovery program at the hands of the Supreme Court. Mr. Hutchinson portrays that fate as failure and masses impressive evidence to support



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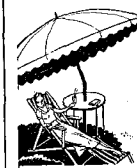


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## OUR ROSTRUM

his prophecy, that a reactionary Court will annul the Recovery Act. I think, on the contrary, that the Act has a very good chance of being sustained. . . . I think that Justices Brandeis, Stone, and Cardozo will be joined by Hughes and Roberts to make a majority in favor of the government's policy. Quite likely Justices Sutherland, Butler, Van Devanter, and McReynolds will vote to overthrow it, though McReynolds' vote here, as elsewhere, is hard to predict.

Mr. Hutchinson points to the Child Labor decision as precedent for a holding that the federal government cannot exercise control over industry as such but must leave that to the states. The overthrow of the Child Labor law was accomplished some years ago by a five-to-four vote; there was no national emergency existing; the Act did not expressly state that it was a two-year temporary measure. . . .

Then Mr. Hutchinson points to the Minimum Wage case as precedent for a

holding that the "due process" clause of the Constitution forbids this attempt of Congress to regulate wages in national industry. In the first place, there is much to be said for the notion that voluntary codes, co-operation, and agreements do not constitute governmental regulation in the sense of the minimum wage statute, which was thrown out as depriving an employer of his right to free contract guaranteed by the Fifth Amendment. But granting the actual compulsion exercised by the Recovery Administration, by the club over industry which the government holds in the licensing provision of the Act, we still have the fact that conditions justify governmental control; and whenever that is so, the Fifth Amendment protecting private property has always yielded to the police power of the state — in this instance, the police power of the federal government.

Finally, Mr. Hutchinson points to the famed Oklahoma Ice case as authority for

the judges to throw out the licensing provisions of the Recovery Act, the teeth of the statute. In that case the Supreme Court ruled that the ice business was not a public utility and that only public utilities could be regulated by license from the government — in this case the state government of Oklahoma. Applying this rule to a federal statute which makes practically every industry a public utility, Mr. Hutchinson sees its annulment as inevitable. But here again the national emergency renders practically every business one "affected with a public interest" in the sense that public regulation is imperative in the public welfare; and the judges can so hold. . . .

JOSEPH P. POLLARD

*Colorado Springs, Colo.*

### SYMPATHY EXTENDED

To the Editor:

Anent the September article, "My Mother-in-Law Lives with Us," I wish to



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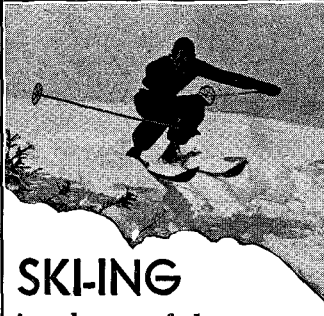
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## OUR ROSTRUM

extend my sympathy to the poor woman!

I know the type of the writer and suggest she ponder the words, "The Mills of God, etc."

The three children, whose individual development would be injured by sustained courtesy toward their grandmother, may not prove such successes if fate should remove the plastic husband and cut the income till it is just sufficient to supply "Anonymous" with "personal needs" and amusements.

MYRA CASSARD

*Wilmot Flat, N. H.*

### CONGRATULATIONS

To the Editor:

As one who has for several years been urging upon our local manufacturers the establishment of an Unemployment Reserve Fund, may I congratulate you upon your letter to President Roosevelt in the September FORUM? Reserves for use in stabilizing dividends in times of industrial stringency have been accepted as an axiom in good financial engineering. Industrial leaders confess their lack of creative imagination when they claim it is impossible to apply this principle in the protection of their employees. I join with you in the sincere hope that American employers will recognize the wisdom and justice of your plan. It would be one of the best things that could come out of the present effort toward recovery.

OSCAR E. MAURER

*New Haven, Conn.*

### MERRY-GO-ROUND

To the Editor:

... American colleges have been extraordinary phenomena in the past few decades. They seem to have been seized, like all the rest of us, with the ideal of bigness, and have engaged in a merry-go-round of more students and less scholarship. In the face of calls for financial support, one has wondered what the use of the expenditure, if it did not give us men and women mentally disciplined, with taste for the finer things in life, and ready, as a matter of course, to carry their share of responsibility for the well-being of the community. That doesn't seem so much to ask. ...

Even while one questions, one repents. When everything else is under criticism, why analyze that one feature of our country which is always gay, hopeful, successful, full of enthusiasm, of enjoyment, and which sends back to us at the holiday season boys and girls eager, alert, adaptable, independent, confident, friendly — even if for the most part sadly uncritical of the movies and not burdened by a sense of personal share in the world's affairs.

EVELINE W. BRAINERD

*New York, N. Y.*

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HENRY GODDARD LEACH, *Editor*

## Next Month

### THE NRA AND RECOVERY

*John T. Flynn*

Granting that the NRA has accomplished some definite good, Mr. Flynn does not believe that it bears the remotest relation to recovery. Nor does he regard hopefully the ultimate outcome of the program. Coming from a liberal economist who has for years fought the iniquities of Big Business, this article is especially significant. Mr. Flynn's criticism is outspoken, fair, and wholly constructive in purpose.

### THE RAILROADS LOOK AHEAD

*Russell H. Peters*

The railroad men of this country have at last discovered what airplane designers have known for years — that air resistance is the second greatest obstacle to speed and economy. Mired in the worst slump of their history, they are doing something about it — changing their tears for "teardrop" streamlines.

### A CODE FOR THE CHURCHES

*John Haynes Holmes*

A famous liberal minister sets forth his views on the religious depression and what to do about it. He proposes a seven-point code for the churches of the nation, designed to put fresh spiritual fire into their existence.

### ETHICS AND THE WAR DEBTS

*John M. Warbeke*

Apart from the question of capacity to pay or disastrous results from further liquidation, Mr. Warbeke holds that a large proportion of Europe's debt to us *has already been repaid!* Hence his convincing thesis that in pressing further we are stretching too far the letter of the law.

### POETS AND DICTATORS

*Mary M. Colum*

Continuing her series, Mrs. Colum claims that it is an essentially poetic emotion that sways nations to the spell of autocratic power.

### FOUR OUT OF FIVE BELIEVE IT

*Philip McKee*

Mr. McKee sheds the white light of knowledge on some of the extravagant claims of dentrifice advertising and outlines a reasonable procedure for keeping one's teeth healthy and sound.

### COMING BACK HOME

*Lucile Grebenc*

No work for months — sixty dollars and an abandoned New England homestead between her and starvation. In this crisis the author determined to wring a living from the land. Miss Grebenc tells how she managed it and what the experience did for her.

### OTHER FEATURES

"Loard Open da Mouth o' da Gray Fish," a short story by Bill Adams; another scientific paper by John Langdon-Davies; "The Bounties of Beer," by Max Henius.

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All manuscripts should be typewritten, accompanied by return postage, and addressed to the Editor at the New York office. No responsibility is assumed for the return of unsolicited manuscripts.

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## TOASTS

VISCOUNTESS NANCY ASTOR is a native Virginian, a British peeress by marriage. She was the first woman ever to sit in Parliament and has held her seat there since 1919. She is the author of *My Two Countries*, published in 1923.

GEORGE E. BATES received A.B. and A.M. degrees from the University of Missouri in 1923 and 1924. He was Assistant Dean of the Graduate School of Business Administration at Harvard University from 1925 to 1928 and is now Assistant Professor of Investment Banking.

RICHARD ALDINGTON, British novelist and poet, is the author of *Death of a Hero* and *All Men Are Enemies*.

MARY M. COLUM, whose paper in this issue is her third for THE FORUM, has recently returned to this country after living for some time in southern France.

WILLIAM PHILLIPS is a graduate of Harvard University and has been in the diplomatic service since 1903. He was American Minister to Canada from 1927 to 1929, during which time he collected the material used in his article. He is now Under Secretary of State.

ELWOOD STREET has devoted most of his life to social-service work in various cities and is at present Director of the Washington, D. C., Community Chest. He has been a frequent contributor to numerous magazines.

TEN KLOOSTER is an artist of Dutch and Javanese extraction, whose work has come in for favorable notice only in the last few years. He is a good friend of his former neighbor in Holland, Hendrik Willem Van Loon.

JOHN LANGDON-DAVIES, an author, educator, and lecturer of wide experience and catholic interests, writes this month the third of the series of articles he is doing for THE FORUM.

WILLIAM MARCH, the author of *Company K*, is one of our best-known writers of short stories. His work has appeared frequently in the annual O. Henry Memorial and O'Brien anthologies.

LOUIS I. DUBLIN is the statistician and third Vice President of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company. He has written and lectured extensively on public health and vital statistics.

H. T. WEBSTER, successor to the late Clare Briggs as America's best-known cartoonist, has been a newspaperman for years. He lives at Stamford, Connecticut.

MILDRED ADAMS is a Middle Westerner by birth, a New Englander by breeding, and a New Yorker by residence, but claims to prefer Spain to any and all of these localities.

HANIEL LONG is the son of a Burmese missionary but has spent most of his life in Pittsburgh, which is the scene of much of his dramatic verse.

CYRUS FISHER uses broadcast records to follow local and regional programs.

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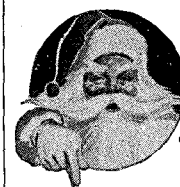
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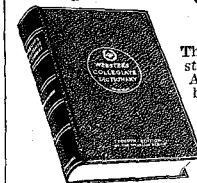
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## BOOKS IN BRIEF

**GREAT FORTUNE**, by Gilbert W. Gabriel (Doubleday, Doran, \$2.50). Ingenious technique is the earmark of Mr. Gabriel's latest novel. An anemic society dramatist outlines the plot of his new play, one hot summer night, in the office of a Broadway manager. The characters are his own friends—and their drama has culminated disastrously that very afternoon. The leading players are a young couple whose lives have been rotted and spoiled by the money fever of the boom, and who narrowly escape the havoc which deflation brings to most of their friends. Mr. Gabriel always writes well, in a style that is admirably rich and flowing, but *Great Fortune* is thin, artificial, and disappointing in comparison with *I, James Lewis*, his previous book.

**TEN YEARS—TEN DAYS**, by Walter von Hollander (Macmillan, \$2.00). This curious, rather morbid novel is the story of a German baron who escaped from an asylum where he had been an inmate for ten years. Rather than go to prison for the murder of his brother, he had chosen to have himself declared insane. His return to his family, their reception of him, and his final expiation of his crime are the theme of a book which is unusual and often exciting, though too tortuous for the average taste.

**THE SCARLET FLOWER**, by Thomas Rourke (Farrar & Rinehart, \$2.50). Latin America, that traditional hotbed of passion and revolution, is, as before, the setting for Mr. Rourke's new novel. His hero is a young engineer connected with an American oil company who becomes involved in the intrigues of the revolutionaries through his love for a beautiful woman, half Latin, half Irish. Mr. Rourke writes a terse, vigorous prose, reminiscent of Hemingway but not slavishly so, and under his reticent handling *The Scarlet Flower* turns out to be something better and more subtle than a flamboyant adventure story.

**MY LIFE AS GERMAN AND JEW**, by Jacob Wassermann (Coward-McCann, \$2.50). Originally published in Germany twelve years ago, and now reissued in English with additional material, this autobiography of the distinguished German novelist, Jacob Wassermann, naturally has a particular poignancy at the present time. Anti-Semitism, however, was a cruel issue in his native land long before Hitler was ever heard of. As a sensitive youth, in the army, in business, as a writer, Wassermann bitterly resented the forces which persisted in classing him as Jew rather than as German. He felt that he was, and could be, both, and he rebelled against the endless discriminations which were so insecurely based and which denied the

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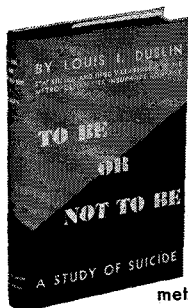
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uniqueness of individual character and  
genius. With considerable eloquence he  
analyzes his own spiritual dilemma, the  
general problem of the Jew, and the origins  
of anti-Semitism in Germany. His auto-  
biography is, however, too abstract and  
too metaphysical to make easy reading,  
or to serve as a facile guide to the current  
crisis in his Fatherland.

**O'HENRY MEMORIAL AWARD PRIZE STORIES OF 1933**, edited by Harry Hansen (Doubleday, Doran, \$2.50). This year the O'Henry memorial volume has a new editor—Harry Hansen instead of Blanche Colton Williams. On the whole it is a creditable collection. "Gal Young Un" by Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings is a more satisfactory choice than usual for the first prize, and there are also particularly good stories by Bill Adams, Erskine Caldwell, Sara Haardt, and Rose Wilder Lane.

**THE EDWARDIAN ERA**, by André Maurois (Appleton-Century, \$3.00). Portraiture and politics divide the honors in this study of a world, already musty and remote, which was unconsciously nursing the seeds of war. Edward VII is, of course, the hero of the piece, and M. Maurois is at his discerning best in picturing the urbane, graciously good-humored monarch who was so long defrauded of responsibility by the stubborn old Queen, and who developed an astonishing talent for diplomacy when he actually ascended the throne. The villain, incidentally, is the Kaiser. M. Maurois blames William II for his insensate jealousy and dislike of his royal nephew, Edward; pillories him for his vanity, his instability, his theatric poses; holds him largely responsible for the breach which widened between England and Germany during Edward's reign. Also in the portrait gallery are excellent sketches of the prominent statesmen of the day—Balfour, Chamberlain, Rosebery, Campbell-Bannerman, and the rest. With great conscientiousness, M. Maurois has also given a very full account of England's diplomacy and internal politics during the pre-war decades, showing how the growth of imperialism heightened the tension of Europe and inevitably prepared the way for 1914. These historical sections are, however, a little dry and over-burdened with detail. What one remembers with most warmth is M. Maurois' lively account of the British royal family and of the political personalities of Edward's day. *The Edwardian Era*, although it does not cover as much ground as the title might indicate, is one of M. Maurois' best and most substantial books.

**A STORY ANTHOLOGY, 1931-1933**, edited by Whit Burnett and Martha Foley (Vanguard, \$2.50). Scarcely anyone in America had heard of the magazine, *Story*, when it

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was first published obscurely in Vienna and Mallorca. Now that it is appearing in this country, and has received exuberant praise from well-known critics, its name is something of a byword. The present volume is made up of tales published by *Story's* editors in their two years abroad. The quality of the work is fresh, living, original, and one wonders why the older magazines did not see fit to accept such excellent stories as those by Tess Slesinger, Naomi Shumway, William March, Anita Grannis, James Stern, and others. The book is manifestly superior to the average short-story anthology.

**RICHARD HARDING DAVIS: HIS DAY**, by Fairfax Downey (Scribner, \$3.00). An adventurer, a dandy, a born romancer, R.H.D. had a life almost as colorful as any of his dashing, and highly moral, heroes. With the appearance of *Van Bibber* and *Gallegher* he became the idol of America when he was still in his twenties, and his biography, as told with great gusto by Fairfax Downey, reads like the perfect success story. College boys worshiped him; his friend, Charles Dana Gibson, publicized his handsome profile; newspapers fought to retain him as special correspondent. Always impeccably dressed, his appearance at first nights or at fashionable Delmonico's was the signal for excited whispering. Although he does not adopt a particularly judicial attitude Mr. Downey has recounted the story of Davis' life with spirit and charm. Obviously he is in full sympathy with his hero, for though he admits that there was some ground for calling Davis priggish and arrogant, he maintains that the detractors simply did not know their man. Davis attended all the major events of his period — all the wars, all the coronations and jubilees. His life was as crowded, active, and exciting as his books — and it makes grand copy.

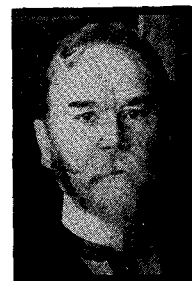
**THE AMERICAN PROCESSION**, compiled by Agnes Rogers and Frederick Lewis Allen (Harper, \$2.75). It is only when one turns the pages of a work of this sort that he grasps the full value of photography as a means of recording history. If a photographic review of the current of life in our own land from the middle of the nineteenth century can be as vivid, as revealing, and as absorbing as it is here, what will such a record mean fifty years from now — a century from now? With this volume in one's hands it is impossible to refrain from sighing that the camera came so late! Mr. Allen's running comment is brief, lucid, and to the point. The pictures tell the rest. They are well-selected. Bucolic Fifth Avenue in the sixties; the dead on a Civil War battlefield; a waterfront spiked with the rigging of sailing vessels; the first elevated; a few

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are praising Mary M. Colum and THE FORUM for her Criticisms of Modern Literature — now a monthly feature.

## "POETS AND DICTATORS"

Will Appear in January

# 1934 SCHEDULE

The editorial schedule of *THE FORUM* can never be made up far in advance of publication date: it is redrafted from day to day, for we try to follow the progress of world events as nearly as may be in a monthly magazine. *THE FORUM* cannot attempt to report the news; that is for the newspapers and the weekly magazines. (But it can make news, and often does.) It is the function of this magazine to evaluate the significance of world events by printing candid opinions of important people. *THE FORUM* is wholly non-partisan. But as the Editor remarked in the July issue, "We give *more* room to hopeful suggestions and constructive ideas. Like the National Administration in its fundamental program, we place human happiness above traditional axioms and legalistic formulas and adventure cheerfully on untrodden paths." Some of the features for early 1934 issues are:

## A MOTHER-IN-LAW SPEAKS

*Anonymous*

A reply to the daughter-in-law's paper in the October issue, and well spoken, too.

## THE GLASS-STEAGALL BANKING ACT. *A Debate*

*Herve Schwedersky and the Hon. Henry B. Steagall*

One of the authors of the Law replies to a competent and penetrating criticism.

## A NEW DEAL FOR RADIO

*Eddie Dowling*

The famous entertainer, who is said to have the ear of the President, tells what he thinks is wrong with radio and suggests a way of making it right.

## WHY I DON'T WANT MY SON TO BE A MINISTER

A very frank appraisal of the behavior of a typical church congregation and a minister's private reaction thereto. We think the author will prefer to remain anonymous.

## ARE THE RUSSIANS TRUSTWORTHY?

*Anna Louise Strong*

This American woman who has lived in Russia for nearly 15 years is well qualified to answer this question. With the immediate prospect of recognition the right answer is important.

## NRA — 1917 MODEL

*Earl Chapin May*

How General Brice P. Disque, USA, organized and operated a war-time "NRA" among the hard-boiled operators and lumberjacks of the American northwest. It was highly successful and it is still going strong.

## A DECENT CHRISTIAN BURIAL

*Marian Castle*

So far as we are aware, this subject has seldom, if ever, been discussed in an American magazine. It is a much more cheerful paper than the title seems to indicate!

## WHY POPULAR SONGS ARE UNPOPULAR

*Kenneth S. Clark*

A musician of national renown puts some very entertaining questions. We may decide to make a game of the answers, with prizes for the younger generation.

## THE RELIGION OF A COUNTRYMAN

*J. McBride Dabbs*

South Carolina in the Spring. This informal confession of religion makes you want to go out and plant potatoes.

## AND

more of Mary Colum's comment on books, more science papers by John Langdon-Davies, more of Cyrus Fisher and his radio column. Lots of comment about current events by people who know whereof they speak. At least one short story in every issue. More humor than heretofore, we hope.

## NEW SUBSCRIPTION BLANK

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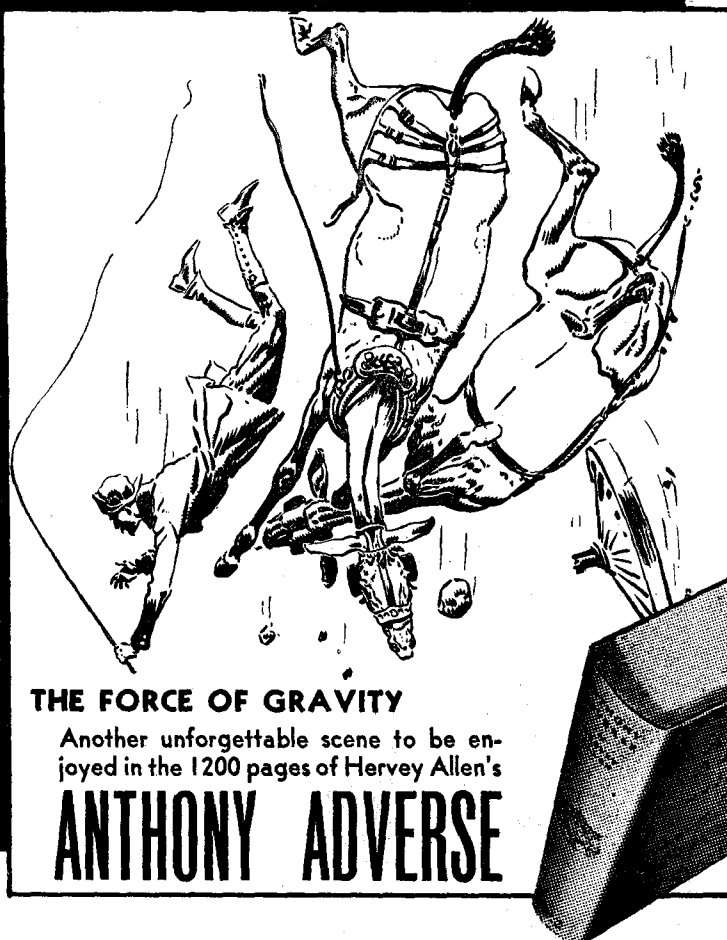
## BOOKS IN BRIEF

ludicrous scenes from the beaches when women wore wardrobes in the water; an unbelievable view of Johnstown after the flood; brief glimpses of front-page figures before they reached the headlines: you will enjoy these whether you can remember them or not.

**LONG PENNANT**, by Oliver La Farge (Houghton Mifflin, \$2.50). The author of *Laughing Boy*, Pulitzer Prize winner in 1929, has here constructed a lively tale which has all the robust movement of good romance and at the same time carries out a piquant and pleasing interpretation of early New England provincialism. The crew of the private armed brig, *Glimpse*, out of Chog's Cove, Rhode Island, from Jonas Eliot Dodge, Master, to Jeremiah Disney, incompetent weakling and drunkard, bears the stubborn, salty stamp of early nineteenth-century New England. This close-knit little band of seamen, ranging far, warm seas with a nostalgic reluctance and skirting the dangerous edge of piracy with a thrift fearfully tempered by conscience, is suddenly scattered wide over the West Indies by a hurricane. Then, thread by thread, and month by month, the author takes up the tangled fortunes of the individuals, following them through devious routes that yet are eventually shaped by one force — the pervasive, unconquerable longing of the men for their native village. One by one, these bluff, inarticulate figures, having tasted curiously the life of the hot, unfamiliar lands into which they have been plunged, find their way north and home. A feature of *Long Pennant* that adds no little to the freshness of the material is Mr. La Farge's free and understandable use of the stream of consciousness. His plot is what a plot should be — a good story — his background is authentic, and his characters are substantial outgrowths of their peculiarly sectional origin.

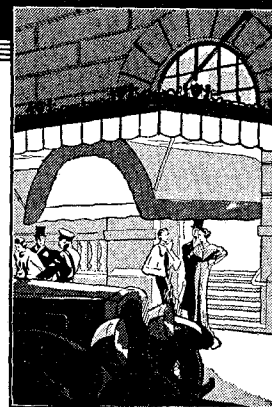
**GERMANY — TWILIGHT OR NEW DAWN?**, Anonymous (Whittlesey House, \$2.00). "This book represents a dispassionate attempt to explain to the general reader the significance of the German upheaval of 1933, and some of the causes leading up to it." With this sentence the anonymous German author opens his account of the struggle, rise, and final triumph of the National Socialist party in Germany. And it is to his credit and the value of the book as an important social document that he has succeeded pretty well in remaining aloof from such hysterical pro- and anti-Hitlerian utterances as mar the majority of current books on the subject.

**PARIS TO THE LIFE**, by Paul Morand and Doris Spiegel (Oxford University Press, \$3.00). Here is a delightful book about Paris which succeeds in capturing that



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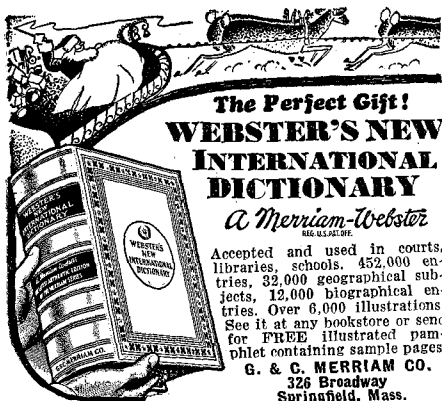
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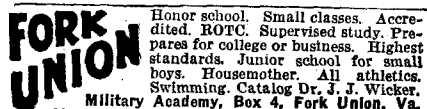
AT ALL GOOD NEWSSTANDS . .

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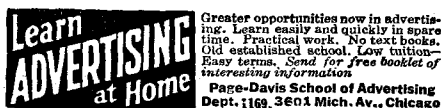
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## BOOKS IN BRIEF

side of its colorful, gesticulating life that René Clair, the talented French motion picture producer, has captured in *Sous les Toits de Paris* and *Le Million*. Here are local street markets, costermongers, and vendors, flea markets, priests, monks, and nuns, street fairs, cafés, gardens, and children—all described to a nice, amusing turn by Paul Morand and, with a remarkable talent for depicting action and character in a few lines, done in pictures by Doris Spiegel.

**BEHIND THE DOCTOR**, by Logan Clendenning (Knopf, \$3.75). From the medicine man to psychological medicine, Logan Clendenning tells the story that lies behind the knowledge of the modern physician. Here is Hippocrates, father of medicine, wrestling the art of healing from the gods and making it man's, recognizing as the cause of his patients' sufferings, not devils, but disease. Claudius Galen, the physician of Rome, cures the Emperor Marcus Aurelius of a severe attack of indigestion, and having won the Emperor's friendship, tells him much about his skill at diagnosis. Andreas Vesalius, the Belgian, after years devoted to dissecting and studying cadavers he has snatched from the grave and the gallows, gives the world its first accurate work on human anatomy, in 1543. William Harvey proves the circulation of the blood. Michael Servetus, who described the course of the blood through the lungs, is burned by the fanatical Calvinists. Antonj van Leeuwenhoek and Robert Hooke develop the microscope from the "flea glasses" invented by Hans Janssen. And so on. It is a tremendously fascinating story, and Dr. Clendenning tells it with a nice regard for colorful details and for the drama involved in experiments out of which has come the techniques of modern medicine—inoculation, vaccination, anaesthesia, aseptic surgery, and many others.

**ROCKWELLKENTIANA**, by Rockwell Kent (Harcourt, Brace, \$3.75). There seems to be a strange mixture of William Blake and John L. Sullivan in Rockwell Kent. When he draws or paints he is essentially mystic; when he writes he is inclined to be blustering and belligerent. This collection of his work—including his writings about art and over one hundred and thirty reproductions of his pen-and-ink drawings, lithographs, and paintings—is a good illustration of his dual nature. Of his skill as an artist there is little that can be said here which has not been said before. As for his writings—at least those represented in *Rockwellkentiana*—they champion the cause of contemporary art against the shams of advertising and the stupidities of critics with such outspoken frankness and vigor that they make highly entertaining reading.

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## Keep up Momentum

WHEN you read that during many recent months, in spite of the financial depression, the American people enjoyed better health and had a lower deathrate than ever before, you may wonder why. One outstanding reason is that our people were well prepared, physically, to resist sickness.

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You know that the deathrate from tuberculosis has declined steadily. You know that smallpox, typhoid and diphtheria can be prevented. You hope to see the day when in this country whooping cough, measles and scarlet fever will disappear, as yellow fever and cholera did — thanks to scientific preventive methods. Scientists are faithfully working day and night for these victories.

The lower deathrate is due in no small measure to the present efficiency of hospital and nursing services that have re-

quired years in which to develop. In assuring pure water, safe milk, clean food, swept streets and proper sewerage systems your Health and Sanitation Departments did their part in making health records in 1932 and 1933.

Some of the forces upon which the health of people depends are financed by state, county and local appropriations. But many of the forces which have contributed so greatly to general welfare—the Red Cross, the Tuberculosis Associations, the Cancer Societies and others—are largely dependent upon private contributions.

Today the forward health movement has been slowed down in some localities because of reduced appropriations and smaller contributions. In certain other communities much of the official health work has stopped.

While the people of our country are working shoulder to shoulder, collectively and individually, to restore material prosperity, no greater tragedy could befall them than to sacrifice their greatest wealth — their health. If you would have increasing health and decreasing disease, keep up the power and the momentum of the health movement.



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